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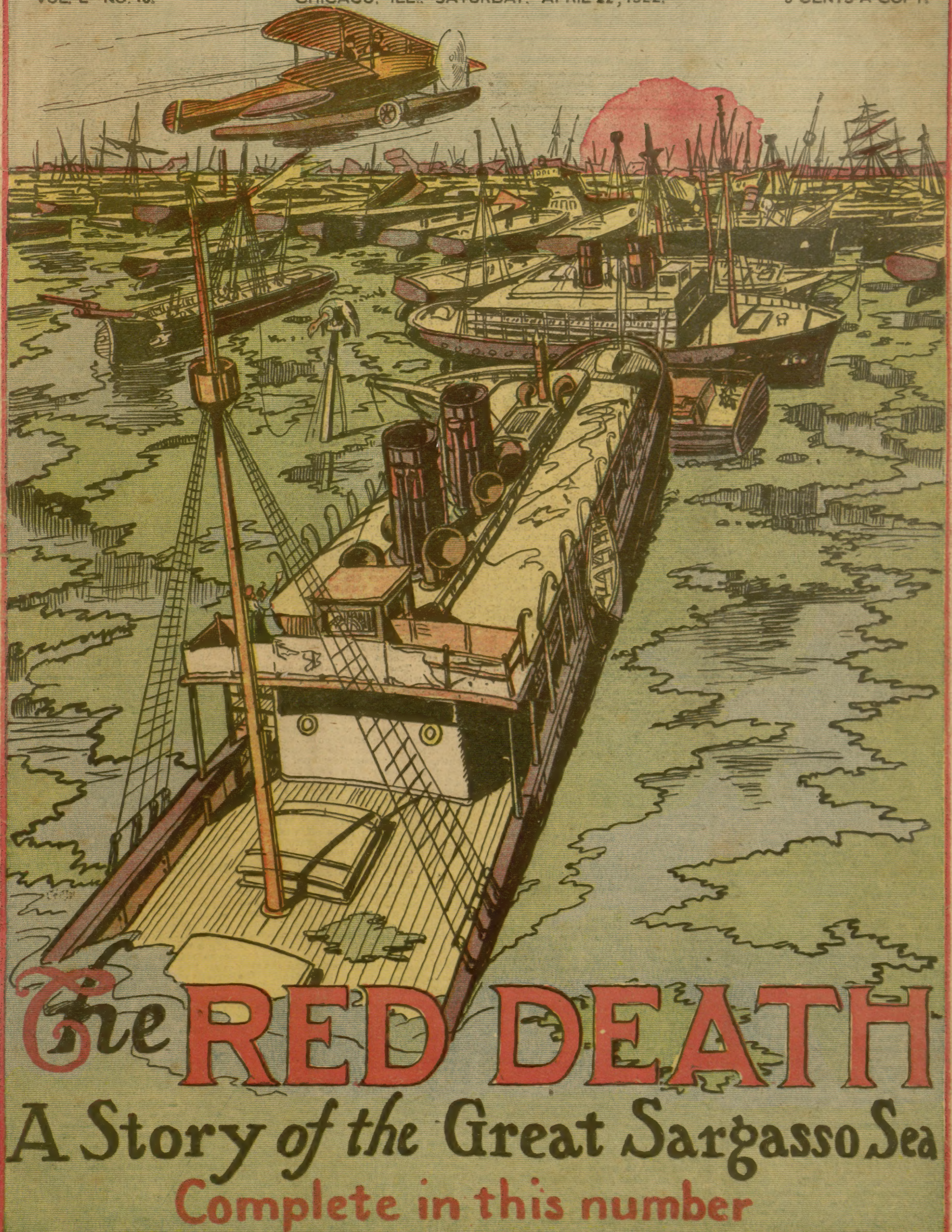

## The RED DEATH

### A Story of the Great Sargasso Sea

Complete in this number

# CHICAGO LEDGER

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## Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 17

THE widow Nelson sat down to ponder and reflect.

She was 38 years old, and a good-looking woman.

She was an owner of an eighty-acre farm, and it was well stocked with cows, horses, sheep and poultry. With the help of a hired man, she had conducted the farm for two or three years and had done very well with it. Just why she sat down to ponder and reflect, was because the hired man had struck for higher wages. He was getting $35 a month and wanted more. The hired man, like every other workman, wants more.

Could the widow pay more? She figured she could not, but what could she do? Spring was approaching, and there was plowing and planting to do, and if the hired man was to leave her, she might not get another for two or three months, and that would almost mean ruin.

Just what conclusion the widow arrived at was soon apparent. A tin-peddler who came around once in two weeks drove up to the house and entered. He was greeted with a smile, and the widow bought six sauce-pans from him. That put him in good humor and when the widow saw a smile on his face, she said, in a shy and modest way:

"Mr. Baker, there are a dozen widowers in this neighborhood."

"All of that," he replied.

"And there are about the same number of hired men and single men. Mr. Baker, don't you think I ought to marry and have some one to depend upon?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I have thought so for a long time. If I wasn't a married man, I should have been shining up to you."

"Oh, there are plenty that have shined up to me, but I have always held them at a distance. Now, my hired man threatens to leave me if I don't pay him more wages. I am tired of all this, and between you and I, I believe I would say 'yes' if the right man comes along. You won't say anything about it, of course? You need not be surprised if within a month I have taken a husband."

Mr. Baker thought it the best thing she could do and drove off to circulate the news for ten miles around.

You can always depend upon a tin-peddler to carry the news. The more he promises not to say anything the more he will say. It wasn't three days before he drove away that they began to come, and the widow received each one with a smile. It didn't make any difference whether the caller was a widower with seven children or a single man who was baldheaded and crosseyed. The widow sat down and told each one a story. It was a story like this:

"I think I ought to marry, but am rather particular about it. I am a hard worker myself and I want a husband who is a hard worker. I have decided to give each caller a trial. He must show me he knows his business. Commencing next Monday, I will put all the callers on trial for three or four days. I shall watch them closely, and the one who does the best, will have the best right to claim my hand."

None of the aspirants made any objection to this, and on Monday morning, nine men were at work. They were plowing, planting, fixing up fences or making repairs to the barn, and were working like beavers. They were all mad and jealous of each other, but they dared not go too far with it for fear of the widow. She wanted a peaceful husband—one who would spend his time at work.

The hired man did not quit his job. He remained there to see how the affair would come out. Perhaps if he did twice as much work as he had done the widow would marry him. He wouldn't let a good thing go by him if he could help it.

On the first day the nine men made that farm soon blossom. At noontime and at suppertime, they were given a good meal, and when it came night, the widow said:

"Now, then, you men have worked splendidly and I am pleased with all of you. You can't expect to lodge, but it will be no hardship for you to sleep on the hay in the barn. I am sure any one of you will do that much for my sake. I will have a good breakfast for you at sunrise."

They all slept on the hay except the hired man. Several times during the night they called each other bad names and dared each other to fight, but there were no tragedies and they were all up at daylight.

A second and third day passed, and then the widow sat down to ponder some more. This is the way she pondered:

"Now, then, I have my corn and potatoes planted. My fences have been fixed and my barn repaired. Most of my vegetables have been planted and they will not need any further care. The place has been fixed up better than it has for two or three years, and it will be fun now to get along."

And so, after supper, she said to the men:

"I have kept close watch of you and have given each one of you the credit you deserve. You can now go home, and in about a week you can expect to hear from me. Until I figure up a bit, I cannot tell which one will be my husband."

The workers had to be content with this and there was new cause for jealousy. They would have nine fights, but the widow stood in the door looking at them. When she no longer could see them, she sat down to ponder for the third time. It was good pondering, and ran like this:

"My hired man is a pretty good man. He can do much better on a farm than any strange man. He wants $40 a month, but, by marrying him, I would save that money. He as my husband must work for nothing, and I think that is the best way out of it."

The hired man did not see any strategy about it, but was very much pleased with the widow's decision. Within a week the marriage came off, and as he crawled out of bed every morning at 4 o'clock to feed the horses, cows and hogs, that hired man and husband came to realize that he was not getting any $40 a month, and when he came to ponder a little deeper he realized that he did not own the farm. The widow had the deed of it and kept it in her name. The hired man was a husband all right, but he was also a hired man working for his board.

TWO weeks passed away, and the men who expected to hear from the widow, did not hear from her. They received a brief letter, and it did not take any one of them a good while to read it. It simply said that the widow was much obliged, but that she had decided to marry her hired man.

Was there any scandal about it? Did they say that the widow had played a sharp game? Oh, no! There was a good deal of winking and laughing in that neighborhood for a year or two, and then things went on as usual.

It was figured by some that the widow had made at least one thousand dollars to the value of her farm, but that did not hurt her reputation any.

When it was all over, the tin peddler stopped at the house again. His face wore a quiet smile and the widow had a quiet smile on her face, as she said:

"Mr. Baker, you can bring me in a coffee pot, a wash dish, a clothes boiler and a horseradish grater. I thank you very much for keeping my secret and not telling it all over the town as some tin peddlers would do. I hope you will stop here every two or three weeks. I shall always need something."

* * *


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Goodyear Mfg. Co., 254-R, Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome, Rainproofed, All-Weather coat to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today. —Adv.


## Is This Your Type?

BY MARIE LA ROQUE

### A Little Too Thin?

TO THE Turkish admirer of feminine beauty the woman that is a little too thin could probably never be anything but ugly. Fortunately, however, we are not all Turks nor do we all see feminine loveliness thru the eyes of a Sultan.

As a matter of fact, taste varies in this regard and there are periods when plump women are in fashion and other periods when the thin type prevails, just as there are periods when small sleeves are the only ones thought of and other periods when the only sort of sleeve that does not look outlandish is the full one. But we cannot change our figures so easily as we can our sleeves.

If you look at any of the fashion magazines you may see easily enough whether the thin woman or the plump woman is in fashion now. In fact the French taste has always been for lean women rather than for the plump sort. And the rotund German type of woman seems to have gone into disrepute along with Wagner opera and Sauerkraut. Altho the great French novelist Balzac presents some of his most interesting women characters as being of rotund proportions he indicates in "The Lily of the Valley" his preference for what he calls the flat figure. "A round figure is a sign of strength," he says, "but women who are built so are imperious, wilful, and voluptuous rather than tender. Women who are flatly formed are, on the contrary, self-sacrificing, full of refinement, and inclined to melancholy; they are more thoroly women. A flat figure is soft and supple; a full one is rigid and jealous."

France has known any number of women famed for their beauty who were too thin, and it may be that the great animosity and vivacity that is always one of the most striking attributes of the thoroly charming French woman is incompatible with real plumpness or even normal weight. La Guimard who was the most celebrated of the models of the painter Fragonard—an irresistible woman who ruined any number of French aristocrats and who enjoyed the reputation of being "queen of the fashion" for a number of years during the dazzling days that just preceded the French Revolution—La Guimard was amazingly lean. In fact, her leanness was the subject of epigrams on the part of her envious rivals and at the theater where she was a professional dancer she was called the "skeleton of the graces."

Madame Recamier, Who Was Too Thin.

And not long before that Marie de Mancini, one of Cardinal Mazarin's nieces, was another extremely lean woman who gained the admiration of the king. The king in question was Louis XIV., who seemed really to have been more taken by Marie's great cleverness than by her personal attractions. She is described as possessing a very long, thin waist, thin arms and a long, thin neck.

Altho Madame Recamier is described as being "a little too thin," she does not seem in the portraits that have come down to us to have been too slender to suit our present-day standards. Her niece thus describes this woman who was undoubtedly the most beautiful woman in Paris during the first year of Napoleon's career there: "A supple and elegant figure, a neck and shoulders admirable as to shape and proportion, a little red mouth, pearly teeth, pretty arms, that were a trifle too thin, and naturally curling chestnut hair."

Next Week: The Sallow Beauty.

### Safety First.

A SAFEGUARD for the children is making their clothing noninflammable by rinsing it in a solution of two ounces of alum dissolved in a gallon of water. This applies only to wash goods.

* * *

**Hardly.**

Debutante—Miss Passay says you knew her when she was quite a young girl.

Middle-aged Suitor—Well, not exactly. I knew her while I was quite a young boy.

* * *


### NO NEED TO BE GRAY, SAYS THIS BEAUTY SPECIALIST.

Such remarkable results have been shown in restoring gray hair to its original color by the preparation known as Kolar-Bak that the makers are sending a free offer to all gray haired people who may ask for it. They guarantee that this clean colorless liquid will positively restore the former color no matter what that was and they take this way to prove it. If you are gray simply write a post card or letter to Hygienic Laboratories, 3334-38 West 38th St., Dept. 4339, Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

* * *

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# THE RED DEATH

## BY CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

HURRY up, Joe. Only two minutes till the whistle blows. If the villain isn't done for quick he'll have to live till 4 o'clock."

Joe Scott did not look up from the book he was reading. With his eyes glued to the type he turned a page. "Oh! you be durned, Tom Maddox," he shot out.

Maddox grinned, but, seeing that the reader was on the last page, forebore to interrupt again.

A moment later Scott closed the book with a slam.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, longingly. "I wonder if that's true!"

"True?" Maddox scoffed. "True? Course it's true. Aren't dime novels always true?"

"This ain't any dime novel! It's a dollar book. An' it reads like a bit of all right. But I dunno! Say, Tom, d'you ever hear of the Sargasso Sea?"

Tom had started for the yawning door of the workshop, but at the other's words he stopped and turned back. "The Sargasso Sea?" he exclaimed. "Well, rather! Is that book—what's it say about the sea?"

"Why, I dunno. It says there's a place in the Atlantic north of Porto Rico where seaweeds grow on top of the water for miles and miles. It's a sort of calm center in the middle of a lot of big ocean currents that run on all sides of it. Everything floating anywhere in the Atlantic drifts into it sooner or later and stays there. The book says that all the old floating wrecks—the dere—dere——"

"The derelicts. Yes. Go on."

"That all the old derelicts since Columbus's time are piled up there in a sort of island—thousands and thousands of dead ships. There are modern schooners and steamers and old galleons—with treasure—and people—and—and all sorts of things and——"

Maddox reached out and took the book. "Lend it to me," he said. "I'll read it tonight. It—it's true—part of it, anyway. I used to hear about it from the sailors on my dad's ship. I've seen the fringe of it myself, and——"

A long, deep whistle—the call of the factory to its hands—cut short the young fellow's words.

"There," he exclaimed, "forget it. I'll talk about it later. Just now we've got to get that plane into shape."

Joe Scott and Tom Maddox were employes of the Auto and Aero Company of America, the first bicycle company in the United States to manufacture automobiles, and the first automobile company to build dirigible balloons and airplanes.

Both the young men had been with the company for five years—years that had more than covered the entire development of flight. They had joined it young, Joe just after leaving the manual training-school, and Tom after finishing a course in a college of engineering.

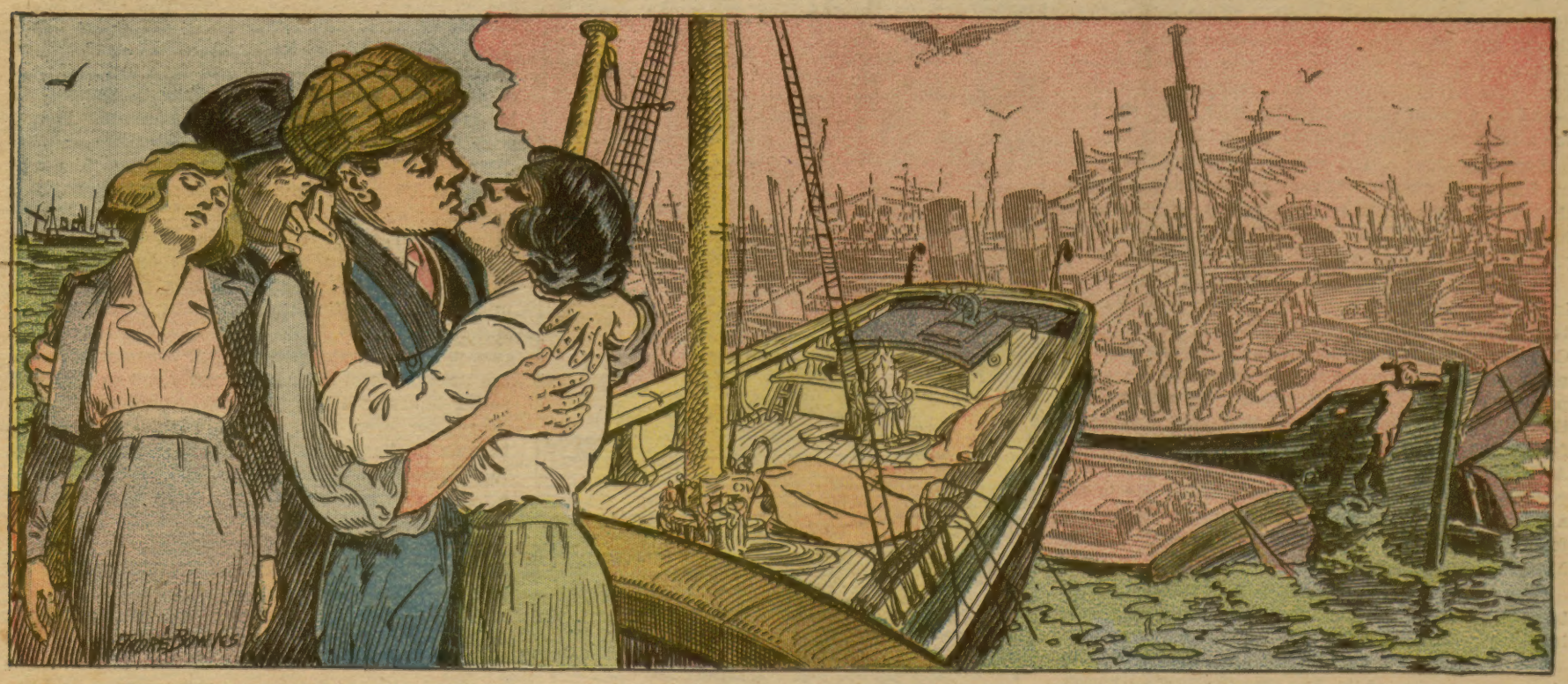
Both were apt and clever with tools and had prospered as the company prospered, until they held enviable positions in its employ. Their mechanical deftness was amazing; on one occasion they had put together an airplane, tried it out, and had it ready for delivering it to a customer within four days after the order had been received by the factory.

True, all the parts were at hand and it was a mere question of assembling them, but the feat was nevertheless extraordinary. It went without saying that they were both skilled aviators, and the recklessness of youth made them adepts at flying, just as it made so many thousands of youngsters skilled chauffeurs in the early days of automobiling.

The so-called dime novel was short, and Maddox devoured it before sitting down to his supper. After that meal was over he consulted various atlases and books of reference, and then hunted up Joe.

As he approached, book in hand, Joe grinned.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "You ain't read it a'ready, have you? Better watch out. The dime-novel habit is worse 'n dope-eating. I hate to see a bright young fellow like you spoilin' his brains with trash instead of improvin' them by studying edifyin' things like the coefficients of the internal stresses of steel, and the bending moments of brass and such like."



**For a Moment, Moving Forms of Red Staggered Blindly About, Shrieking and Blaspheming in Agony; Then They Crashed Down and Lay Silent.**

Maddox passed the persiflage by.

"Say, Joe," he began abruptly, "you ain't got any women folks dependent on you, have you?"

Joe shook his head. "Me?" he cried. "Well, I guess not—nit—never; not if the court knows herself. Me for the single harness and the uncreased trousers. Get hence, young man, get hence!"

"I didn't mean a wife. I mean a mother and such. But it's all right. I haven't any ties either. So we start fair."

"Start fair?"

"Yes. I told you I'd heard about the Sargasso Sea before. I had. Before dad died he was captain of a steamer running from Porto Rico to New York, and I used to travel up and down with him. We skirted the sea every trip, and the yarns I've heard about it would fill a dictionary. And one trip we picked up a man in a boat, most dead, and raving mad. I was only a boy then and it was fifteen years ago, but I've never forgotten it. He raved about dead ships—miles upon miles of them, all crowded together—big ships, little ships, steamers, all sorts of ships—with treasure and—and all. Then he would change and cringe and cry out about the red death."

"What's that?"

"We never knew. Dad thought it must have been one of the red fer de lance snakes of Jamaica, or perhaps it was only the sun. But we never knew. He died that night. The sailors swore that he had been in the heart of the Sargasso Sea and had gotten out some way. If he did, he was the only man that ever got there and came back to tell.

"They say that the weeds around it are so thick that no ship can sail thru them, and any steamer would foul its screw in a minute. The wrecks drift in mighty slow and stay there till they rot and sink.

"This book of yours talks about a Spanish treasure-ship, but I guess all the treasure-ships have foundered long ago. But there must be lots of modern ships there with money on board them. Every ship that goes to sea takes more or less money—maybe a thousand dollars, maybe more. If it were left on board in even one ship out of five, a fellow who got in there could gather up hundreds of thousands of dollars as easy as winking. Say, Joe, let's go get it!"

Joe's mouth dropped open. "Wh-a-at?" he gasped. Then quickly recovering, he grinned. "Gee!" he cried. "I thought for a minute you was in earnest."

"I am in earnest."

"But you said nobody could push thru the weeds."

"Shucks! Who wants to push thru them? What in thunder's the use of pushin' thru weeds when you've got an airplane to take you over them?"

"But—but—oh, Lord! It's nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all," retorted Maddox. "The sea—the dense weed part of it—isn't over three hundred miles square, and its center seems to be about two hundred and fifty miles from San Juan, in Porto Rico. Nobody knows how big the wreck mass is, but the edge of it can't be much more than one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five miles from San Juan. And what's a hundred and twenty-five miles? We've both flown three hundred and over time and again."

"But you've got to come back."

"Sure! But we can light and rest as long as we like and pick up those samoleons. We can

(Continued on Page 15.)

# The Young Man From the City

by FRANK LESTER

ANDREW HORNBY seated himself diffidently in the chair which the lawyer drew forth for him.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Tripp?" he inquired. "I got your letter yesterday."

"Yes," replied the attorney, leaning far back in his swivel-chair. "I asked you to come in this afternoon in regard to the mortgage on your—er—farm property. Perhaps, tho, you've seen Mr. Calston Rogers since he was in my office?"

"No, I haven't," admitted Hornby. He paused and gazed abstractedly out of the open window for a moment at a heavy wagon rumbling down Main street. "But I guess I know what you've called me in about," he added, a note of weariness showing in his voice.

"Well, here's the situation," explained Tripp, placing the tips of his forefingers together with precision, and consulting at intervals a slip of paper which lay before him. "Cal, as I understand, loaned you $3,000 on that forty acres of yours back in the year 1909—which was just about two years after you had bought it yourself for—by the way, what was it you paid for it?"

"Thirty-eight hundred," returned Hornby in a low voice, "and I put up a barn and a house that cost me $1,400—which brought it up to a little above $5,000 in value."

"I see. That's just as I estimated roughly. Well, at any rate, Cal was in pretty good financial condition at that time and in loaning $3,000 on a valuation of only $5,000 he wasn't following a strict business policy—that's obvious. It was on account of your wife having to have that expensive operation—and on account of the hospital bills when she lay for a long year in the hospital up in Chicago."

Hornby nodded. "Cal was certainly square with me," he said slowly. "There aren't many cousins that would have come to the front as he did. If it hadn't been for him, why——" His voice broke. "But it didn't help, after all. She died anyway."

"I'm glad you admit the fairness of Cal's dealings," returned the lawyer. "It makes what I must tell you, easier to say. Well, anyway, according to Cal, Mr. Hornby, there has never been any interest paid on that loan altho it was drawn up on a six per cent basis. He understands the reasons—all those subsequent pieces of ill luck that seemed to follow that first blow of yours, your wife's death. And then, too, he felt absolutely certain, as you yourself must have felt, that you would come in for a part of your brother's estate—which thing, unfortunately, didn't materialize at his death. Now have I stated things correctly so far?"

"Yes, it's been just as you say. It mayn't have been ill luck altogether. I've been pretty easy-going; I admit that, too."

"So he gave you an extension on the loan after six years—in spite of the fact that the interest hadn't been paid in all that time—which extension prolonged the loan for six more years. No need to condemn yourself as easy-going, Mr. Hornby. Your cousin, Cal Rogers, is the most easy-going man in the United States—bar none. As a lawyer, accustomed to civil proceedings, I can easily testify to that fact. Well, anyway, when your brother died without making a will, Cal sort of woke up. For the first time, evidently, he realized that the original loan of $3,000 had crept up—by an accumulation of six per cent a year for nearly twelve years—to an amount which was equal, if not greater than the value of the farm and the buildings on it. But even at that, Mr. Hornby, I believe personally that Cal would have gone on until kingdom come before he'd have pressed you for one cent of the principal or interest."

"I don't doubt it," replied Andrew Hornby. "Cal's square—true and blue. If he'd wanted to, he could have foreclosed on me ten years ago when I first started to let the interest lapse. But because we grew up together as boys, I let things slide and—well——"

"That's unfortunate, of course," interrupted the lawyer, "but it's done now. However, I'll go on with the explanation. About eight months ago, poor old Cal got roped in on a silver mining proposition in the West, and, instead of taking things cautiously, he allowed his desire for quick wealth to get ahead of his common sense. At any rate, he got badly

"Home at Last, Dad?" She Asked.

cleaned out. He even swung a short-time mortgage on his own place, Mr. Hornby, to go deeper into that mining proposition. I don't suppose he ever told you of all this?"

"Not a word," admitted Hornby, staring. "Poor old Cal. Handed over his money and got left in the lurch. Well, I must say that that's an out-and-out shame."

"Yes, it is, without a doubt. I would have advised him not to touch the proposition if I had been his lawyer, but I've been acting in that capacity only since Attorney Smith died. However, Mr. Hornby, Cal's no longer on easy street. To save his own place he's got to be able to take up his own mortgage—and the only way he can do that now is to——"

"Foreclose on me?" ventured Hornby.

"It's come to that," admitted Tripp. "He's got to get every penny of the amount that's due him from you—and that's now——" He figured rapidly on a fragment of paper. "——about $4,980. Am I right?"

Andrew Hornby drew a long breath. So the blow had fallen at last! The mortgage was to be foreclosed, and from the size of it, there could not be the barest shadow of an equity. There was no chance, he knew full well, for the farm to be bid in at a higher amount. And even Cal would have to lose by the transaction for he would have to foreclose and see the farm sold for whatever it would bring. And at a forced sale it was doubtful, mighty doubtful, whether it would bring over $4,500. It seemed difficult, to realize that he and Jenny would have to leave their home. If only his brother had made a will instead of dying intestate, he would surely have received enough to cancel all his obligations with Cal and start anew. But matters hadn't turned out that way and so—— He caught himself up sharply.

"You're right, Mr. Tripp. It's $4,980 that's owing to Cal—and I guess he'll never get what's coming to him if he's got to have it sold in a hurry. It's hard to think of leaving there after all these years—but—well, it can't be helped, I suppose. I'm sorry for Jenny—my daughter, Mr. Tripp. That hurts worse than my own feelings in the matter."

"Well," declared the attorney, "I'm coming now to the point—the main point about which I called you in today. And here it is: Cal won't have to have this money immediately. He wants to give you up to the very last minute so that you can start tomorrow and put the place on sale; start in today, Mr. Hornby, and list it. And if you can get an offer of anything over the amount of the mortgage and accrued interest—even a $10 bill—take that offer and sell. In that way, only, can you step out of there with something. For at a foreclosure sale—I'm afraid that you would get nothing. Now, what's the condition of the farm—particularly the buildings? In your honest estimation, what do you think you could sell out for—inside of four months? Cal is downright sorry about the whole business—and hopes that you might clear a few hundred. Is that possible, do you think?"

Hornby shook his head determinedly. "I'm certain that it's not possible. The barn is in pretty fair condition; so also, is the house. The latter has no cellar for when I purchased there I had it put up on brick foundations about two feet above the surface of the earth. So, later, I built a small concrete milk-house. The fencing is in pretty good condition. But there's better farms than mine for sale within two miles. No, I'm certain that between now and the next few months I could never get over $5,000; and I honestly doubt whether I could find a purchaser for even that amount, considering the big bargain in the Jelkins' farm for the same price, and the Crowley farm for a little less than that price. No, I'm cleaned out. I don't think there's a soul would touch it—at $5,000."

The lawyer wrinkled his forehead; he drummed on his desk with his fingers. Presently he turned to his visitor and spoke again.

"Well, Mr. Hornby, so far as I can see, it's all you can do—to put the place on sale tomorrow. If you can't sell it—you're no worse off than if Cal has to go ahead with the foreclosure proceedings. And you know, too, that the age of miracles isn't over. You can't tell but that some one might take it off your hands at $5,500—or even $6,000. In that event you'd have $500 or $1,000 when you clear out."

HORNBY stood up. "I'm certainly obliged to you, Mr. Tripp, for your kindness in the matter—and you can tell Cal when you see him that I appreciate his whole conduct. The least I can do is to list the farm, just as you advise, but it's hopeless. From the appraisements of places around this section, I know without any doubt that even $5,000 would be considered a trifle high for my place—and it's a sure thing that no one is voluntarily going to swindle themselves. However, I'll put it up for sale." He clapped his faded brown hat on his head and turned toward the door. "Good day, Mr. Tripp."

Slowly he walked down the creaking wooden stairs to the street. Reaching the hitching rack, he untied his gray mare and climbed into his buggy. Shortly, he was on his way home—five miles west of Bartondale.

When he reached the main road which led past his farm and far into the country beyond, he allowed the mare to follow her own inclinations. He sat slumped down in his seat, oblivious to the dust, to the time of day, to the greeting of a distant neighbor who passed him in the opposite direction, to everything. But one fact was now uppermost in his mind. He and Jenny would be compelled to leave

and start over again elsewhere—on nothing. That was bitter indeed. But, after all, it was his own fault. He had become accustomed to Cal's easy-going ways, never suspecting that something might some day occur to cause Cal to collect everything that was due him. And this thing had happened at last. And he and Jenny—

He raised up his head with a start and saw for the first time that he had reached his own piece of land. Already the mare was turning in at the big gate. So he seized the reins in order to guide the buggy around the gate posts. At the same instant, a pretty girl of about 19 years—a girl with that strange combination, flaxen hair and brown eyes—tripped down the side steps and hurried over to the buggy. He drew up at once.

"Home at last, Dad?" she asked. She smiled, displaying two rows of even white teeth. Suddenly her smile faded. "Was it about the mortgage that Mr. Tripp wrote you to come into his office?"

He nodded. "Yes, honey, Cal's had a run of bad luck—some western mining proposition—and he's down to what they call 'rock-bottom.' He's got to foreclose, Jenny. What Tripp wanted to see me about was this: Cal wants me to put the place on sale at once and thinks that maybe inside of four months we could sell for enough to give us a few hundred dollars."

The girl's face clouded. "I wouldn't count on that, Dad. With the Jelkins' farm for sale, nobody'd look at our place. But cheer up, Dad. We'll go inside in a minute and talk it all over and perhaps find some way out. What I ran outside for was this: A young city man of about 25 or 26 years of age—a nice clean-cut man, Dad—came here in your absence and wanted to know if we needed a hired hand or a helper of any kind. Of course, I told him that there wasn't a chance in the world of our hiring any help. But he only laughed and informed me that he wasn't looking for wages—that he wanted to work on a farm for a few months to get his health back. I told him that if that were the case, he'd better wait and talk to you."

A PUZZLED look came into Andrew Hornby's eyes. "Work for nothing?" he exclaimed. "Well, that's certainly a new proposition around this part of the country."

Together, father and daughter proceeded to the kitchen. On their entrance, a young man with broad shoulders, healthy pink cheeks, and open countenance, stood up.

"Mr. Hornby?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered the older man. "I'm Andrew Hornby."

"Well, my name is—er—John Carr. I'm looking for a chance to work on a farm for a few months, since my health seems to have commenced going back on me from overwork in the city. Nerves, more than anything, I guess. Case of poor sleep, blues, and so forth, you understand. I'm willing to work for my board and a place to sleep if you'll take me on. I can procure references—if you wish them."

"Well, Mr. Carr, I've been judging men for thirty years—ever since I became one myself—and I don't take much stock in references. I can tell in two minutes whether or not a man's straightforward and a gentleman. And I can see that you are. But here's the situation with me. I'm in a good deal of financial trouble at present and paying wages is out of the question with me. But if you really mean that you're willing to work for nothing—I naturally wouldn't turn that offer down."

In reply, the young man calmly hung up his hat on the hook back of the kitchen door. "Good! I'm hired, then. My suitcase is at the depot. I can get it tomorrow morning. What's the first job, Mr. Hornby? Pump water? Split wood? Milk the cows? Feed the pigs? Churn? Just tell me what's to be done. I'm a green one—but you'll find that I'm not lazy. I'm—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jenny, suddenly, glancing toward the onyx clock which stood on a small shelf back of the stove. From the side of it, a letter peeped. She crossed the floor quickly and withdrew the missive. "Here, Dad," she said, "this letter came while you were in Bartondale. You get so few that I almost forgot about it."

Wonderingly, Andrew Hornby took the letter from the girl's fingers. At the inscription on the envelope, he shook his head in bewilderment:

Mr. Andrew Hornby,
R. F. D. No. 2,
Bartondale, Ill.

Then, with a nervous motion, he tore off the end of the envelope and withdrew the communication. After his eyes had traversed it for a few seconds, he gasped:

"Oh! Jenny, girl! Jenny, girl! Your dad is surely dreaming. Get my glasses quick. I must have read it wrong. Look. Read it."

He thrust it into her hands. She opened it hastily and read:

Chicago, Ill.,
July 16, 1921.

Mr. Andrew Hornby,
Bartondale, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

I am a city man contemplating taking up farm life for my health. Having admired your place on several occasions, I should like to purchase it and make it my home—providing we can come to terms. I offer you $10,000 for it—either cash or check—or, if it is encumbered, I will assume the mortgage and pay over to you the difference between the debt and the sum I have mentioned. My proposal includes the standing crop but not the livestock.

Now, I believe this to be a very attractive offer, and I will be pleased to engage an attorney and complete the transaction, upon hearing from you. I am,

Yours very truly,
Edward Rowland.
1142 Wells St., Chicago.

In her astonishment, the girl at first said nothing. Her mind was awhirl. The first well-defined thought that came to her was:

"Very, very strange, I must say. The Hornby farm has suddenly become desirable as a health resort for Chicagoans!"

Then she spoke aloud:

"Hurrah, Dad! Throw up your hat and smile. We're rich!"

II.

WITHIN twenty-four hours after entering Andrew Hornby's employ, John Carr, the new hired hand, proved conclusively that his knowledge of farm duties was limited to that which he had acquired from reading or conversation. At milking he proved to be an ignominious failure. At the conclusion of his first attempt, his only comment consisted of: "Great mackeral—and they talk of writers' cramp! If they'd only try this—" His efforts in performing the simplest of chores proved for a while to be fraught with failure. The second night in Andrew Hornby's employ, he retired early. Whereupon Hornby and Jenny began to discuss him in low voices down in the kitchen.

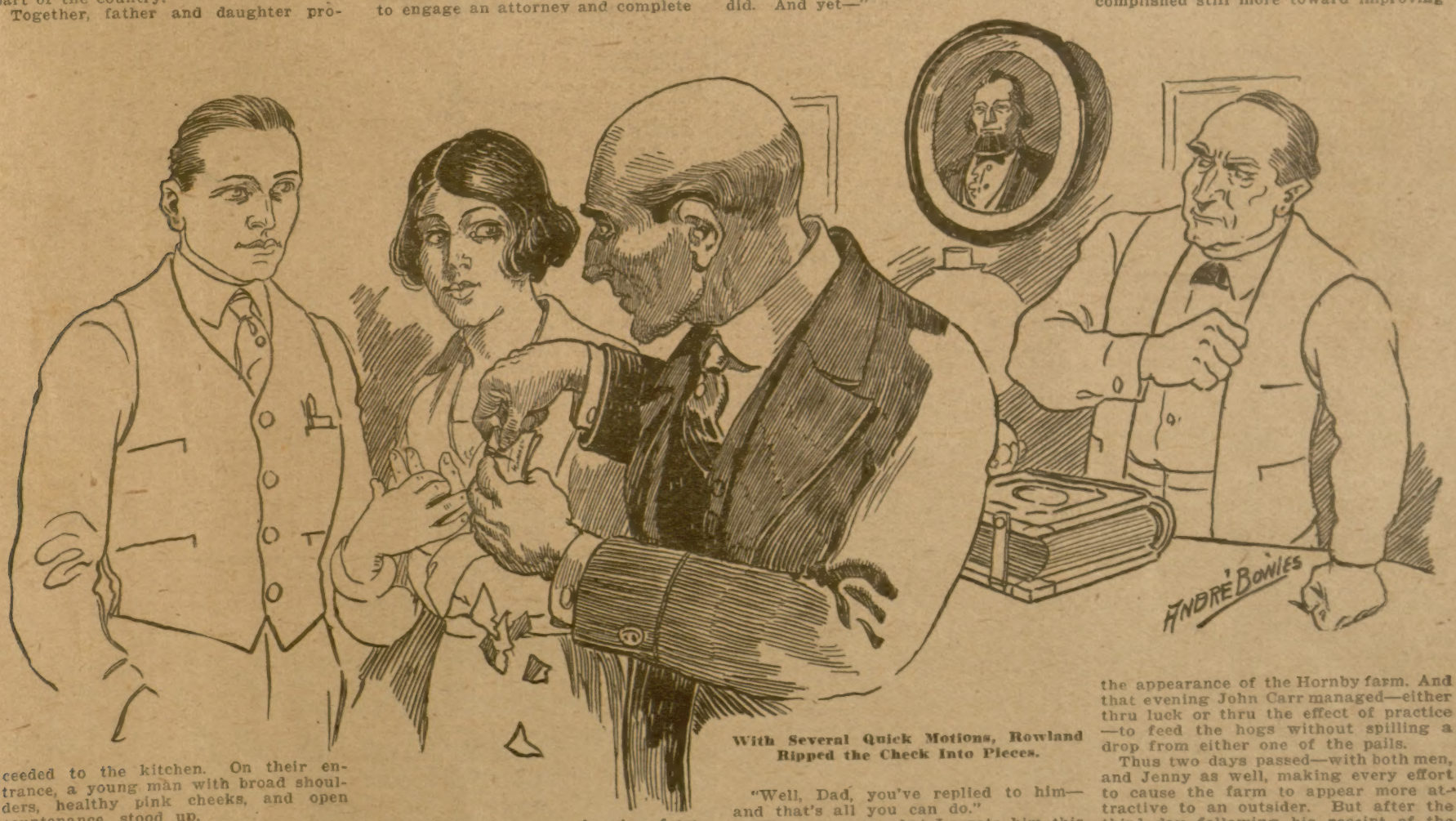
"Well, Jenny," he remarked, "young Carr is no farmer—not by any manner or means. I guess, tho, you've seen yourself that he deserves the title of greenhorn if ever any one did."

"He surely does, Dad. But, even at that, he's been mighty helpful to me in lots of little ways. One thing, tho, puzzles me. He stated to you when he came here, that his health was poor. He doesn't look it, Dad, you must admit. And his appetite hasn't been impaired any."

"The reason for that, Jenny," replied her father, "is because you're the cook. I don't see how any one could resist the dishes you get together on that old-fashioned cookstove. Young Carr, tho, has shown me that he's a gentleman thru and thru—and he's mighty willing in everything he tries to do. I don't believe he's got a lazy bone in his body. But, Jenny, girl," he went on after a short pause, "after that extraordinary stroke of luck that reached me yesterday in the letter from Mr. Edward Rowland, I don't believe I could find fault with anything or anybody."

"It surely was a blessing from heaven, Dad, that we should find a purchaser for the farm at a price which should give us $5,000 clear money. It seems wonderful. But there's something odd about the whole affair—something mysterious. Don't you feel that way?"

Hornby nodded his head slowly. "Yes Jenny, girl, it does seem as tho there's something queer. Was it just a peculiar coincidence that Carr applied here for work at the same time that this Rowland's letter reached us? There isn't an oil well within five hundred miles of us, I venture—nor a gold or silver mine within a thousand. It's surely strange. However, Jenny, if our farm wasn't worth to Mr. Rowland what he offered, it hardly seems logical to believe that he'd have offered what he did. And yet—"




**With Several Quick Motions, Rowland Ripped the Check Into Pieces.**

"Well, Dad, you've replied to him—and that's all you can do."

"Yes, you saw what I wrote him this morning. You read the letter which told him that the place was encumbered altogether to the extent of $4,980, the entire amount being held by a cousin of mine, that it was very dear to me because it was the first place in this part of the country to which I came with my wife and little girl; that I should be willing to clear out for the sum he offered. I do hope we receive an answer soon."

"Well, Dad, don't worry," the girl replied, noting with a feeling of depression the little wrinkles in her father's face, caused by the worry and uncertainty which was troubling him. "Go to bed and get a good sleep. Just believe that everything will come out fine—and remember that in the next few days you've got to educate a city man to be a real farmer. That'll keep you busy, I know."

So the two turned out the lamps and retired to their respective rooms. In the morning at the breakfast table, Andrew Hornby said to his new hired hand:

"Now, Mr. Carr—or John, as you told me to call you—I received an extraordinarily good offer for this place the same day you applied here for work. I answered it yesterday morning. If the deal is successfully made, I'll pay you for the days you've worked here just the same as I'd pay any man who works for me—and at the same rate, too. Now, this morning, we're going to go ahead and devote all our energies to improving the general appearance of the place; to straightening the fencing; to removing a few rocks; to cutting off the dead limb of that old giant oak tree in the front yard; and to a host of other things as well. I want to make the place look as spick and span as possible. So I'm going to work you hard!"

"Can't work me too hard," said the young fellow boastfully. "After eating one of Miss Hornby's—"

"Jenny," interrupted the girl. "Remember what I told you last night, John. We're all just plain people here—and the Miss isn't necessary."

"—One of Jenny's incomparable meals," he went on, "I feel as tho I could drag that immense rock out yonder on the edge of the yard, at least a mile." He nodded his head toward a gigantic rock, nearly ten feet in diameter, which stood not far from the fringe of the roadway.

Hornby glanced out of the window. "That rock," he said with a smile "will remain there for the next thousand years, I'm afraid. We've tried to move it with a team of horses—and couldn't."

"We call the rock and the tree, 'the two old cronies'—since they've kept each other company for all these years," interjected Jenny.

Carr arose from the table with a laugh. "Then I'm not going to separate them by toting off the rock," he said. "I guess I'll keep my excess energy and give it to your father."

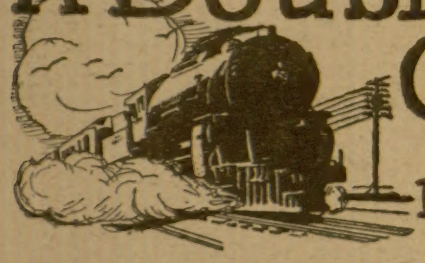
AND all that morning he did as he had promised. By noontime Andrew Hornby declared in a whispered remark to his daughter that he believed he had actually stumbled at last on one of those imaginary individuals—a man who liked work. During the afternoon the two labored steadily together and accomplished still more toward improving the appearance of the Hornby farm. And that evening John Carr managed—either thru luck or thru the effect of practice—to feed the hogs without spilling a drop from either one of the pails.

Thus two days passed—with both men, and Jenny as well, making every effort to cause the farm to appear more attractive to an outsider. But after the third day following his receipt of the letter, Andrew Hornby began to show signs of restlessness at not hearing from the Chicagoan who had made him the unusually—and strangely—generous offer. Even Jenny could hardly refrain from unconsciously biting her lips now and then at the uncertainty of whether the transaction which meant so much for her and her father was to fall thru or not. And, singularly enough, the new member of the household, John Carr, began to lapse into a strained and disquieting silence. But, just as the tension had begun to be almost unendurable for all three of them, the mail carrier deposited in the galvanized iron box at the side of the road a letter whose inscription was similar to the one that had preceded it. After John Carr had discreetly withdrawn in order that Jenny and her father might read

(Continued on Page 24.)

*Cattle Rustlers, Gun Battle and Bear Figure in This Installment of*

# A Double-headed Conspiracy



by Horace Howard Herr

## Characters That Have Already Appeared

**HARDIN M'KEARNEY,** General Manager of the Continental Line's Western divisions, and stockholder as well; expert railroad man who began his career as fireman on freight trains, when his big dinner paid frequently contained nothing more substantial than stale air.

**KATE M'KEARNEY,** the General Manager's wife, who as a healthy, jovial girl had been the life and mascot of a certain popular railroad restaurant; cashier she was, but never too proud to hand a humble railroad lad a slab o' pie and a smile.

**PATRICIA M'KEARNEY,** just graduated from a young ladies' seminary; full of big and noble ideas; anxious to "democratize our democracy" and to aid the Midnight Missions in "rescuing the perishing;" a good girl who always meant well.

**HARDIN JACKSON M'KEARNEY,** just out of college, whose mind ran principally to golf, bulldogs and cigarettes, but willing to master the railroad game **from the top down;** believed he could start as master bridge builder, if the governor would say the word; but the governor wouldn't say it.

**JACKSON REILLY,** assistant to the General Manager; was rear brakeman when Mac, Sr., fired the big freight hogs; knew and admired Kate in the old, grimy days; made his home with the happy pair after their marriage; when children arrived became the "fetch and carry," the Newfoundland dog of the family; in fact, he's the droll, humorous chap who relates the whole amusing story.

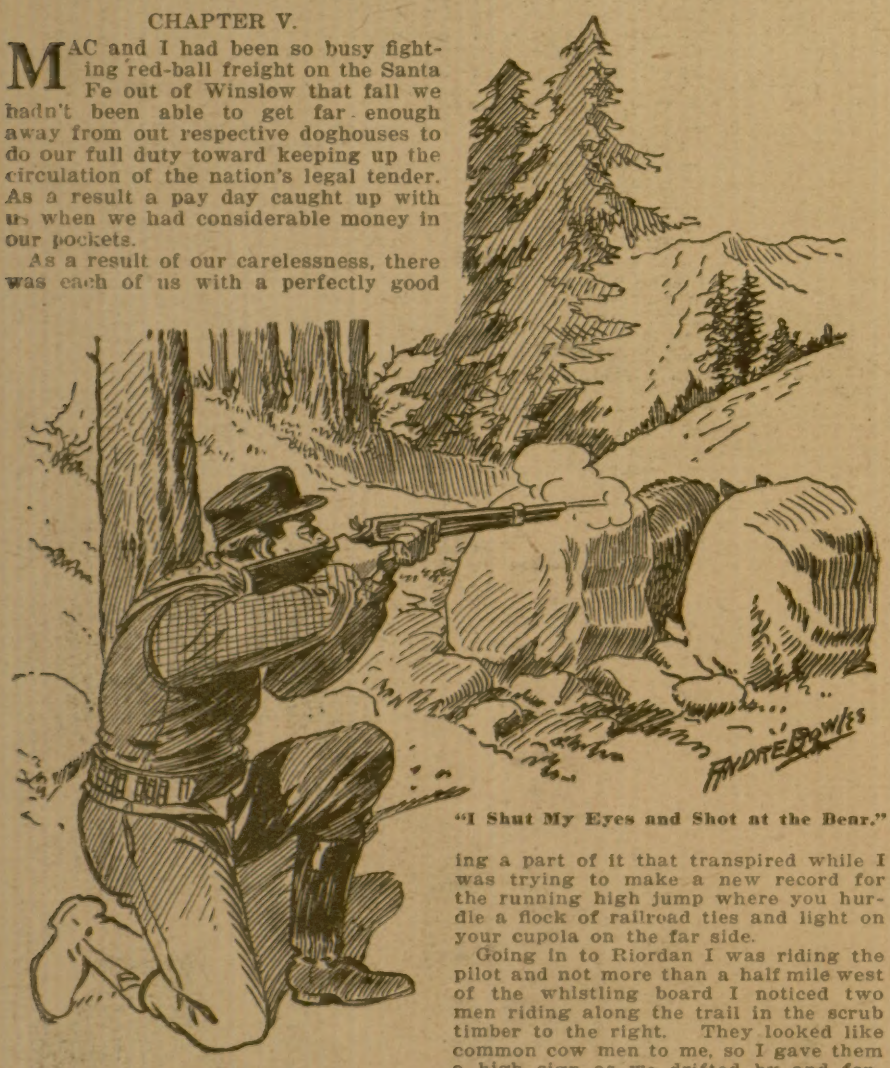
**BURALEEN BISHOFF,** a former seminary girl of veiled family connections; much too pink and flimsy to win Jackson's approval; Patricia's guest in the McKearney home, but not entirely welcome, apparently, to her parents, because of her marked attentions to Hardin J., the son; scant dresser at the dinner table; "liable to fall out of her clothes most any time," according to the loquacious Jackson.

This story began in No. 13, the Ledger for April 1. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER V.

MAC and I had been so busy fighting red-ball freight on the Santa Fe out of Winslow that fall we hadn't been able to get far enough away from out respective doghouses to do our full duty toward keeping up the circulation of the nation's legal tender. As a result a pay day caught up with us when we had considerable money in our pockets.

As a result of our carelessness, there was each of us with a perfectly good



"I Shut My Eyes and Shot at the Bear."

check calling for some one hundred and seventy dollars and no bills to pay. This wasn't our natural state and, in the interest of self-respect, we felt we should devise some speedy way to purge ourselves from whatever taint accruing to us thru our association with so much affluence and predatory wealth, it being understood that I borrow some of this language from Pat.

We had agreed it was essential to our mental peace to lay off and spend some money when Dad Banks, sometimes town marshal, returned from his annual pilgrimage to Sunset Pass accompanied by two buck deer and seven wild turkeys.

That was the answer for us! No more red-ball freight until Mac and I had killed a deer each, and, maybe, a bear or two. Dad Banks' hunting ground was ninety miles across a desert where it was a long ways between water tanks. Mac and I voted aaginst the desert trip because the roadbed is soft and even when a fellow gets some place on it he can't be sure he's there, the country is so much alike. We agreed on the Frisco mountains and immediately I wrote a letter to Speedy Barber.

If there's a card in the deck higher than an ace, Speedy is it. He was educated in an Eastern university and went West to live it down and he did. Any time Speedy started out to do a thing, he did it even if the job was rounding up a couple of cattle rustlers who had a nasty habit of punctuating their arguments with large periods of lead.

I met him when I had the Cinder Pit run, pulling ballast trains from the pit above Bellmont to that snaky piece of track just west of Flagstaff. I met him at Riordan, which is down on the time card as a station but is, in fact, only a sidetrack. Even a work train doesn't hesitate at Riordan if it can help it, which I couldn't that morning, as I didn't have time enough to make the next hole and clear the passenger wagons that were climbing the mountain on a string of waits.

Being of a peaceful disposition as long as I'm fed regularly, I'm not much of an authority on gun fighting, but this was the real thing; that is, as much as I saw of it was the real article, there being a part of it that transpired while I was trying to make a new record for the running high jump where you hurdle a flock of railroad ties and light on your cupola on the far side.

Going in to Riordan I was riding the pilot and not more than a half mile west of the whistling board I noticed two men riding along the trail in the scrub timber to the right. They looked like common cow men to me, so I gave them a high sign as we drifted by and forgot about them. When Fussy Carlton pinched them down for the west switch I slipped off and ran ahead to line them up for the siding. The lock on the switch stand worked hard and Fussy had to bring the string to a dead stop before I got the lever over. Knowing that Fussy always got disagreeable when he had to stop for a switch, I decided I wouldn't catch the engine as she came by, but would remain with the switch until the string was in the clear and then close it and walk down to the caboose.

Just as the engine passed me I saw a third man on horseback, ride across the right of way from the left. He was just beyond the lower switch and once across the tracks to the right, instead of going on to the road, some fifty yards ahead of him, he turned up toward me, permitting his horse to pick its way along the gutter just off the roadbed.

He had covered about half the distance, his horse cutting up a bit as it got even with the engine, when the two horsemen on the road came even with me. I think the third fellow saw them about that time, for he dug his heels into his horse's flanks and tore out toward the road which, for about two hundred yards, paralleled the railroad on a stretch of ground comparatively free from trees.

I didn't think much about it until I heard a shot and saw the third rider's horse rear in the air. As it came down its rider turned loose with one of those hip cannon and I realized something unpleasant was happening. I didn't think much about it then, for a second or two, because I was too busy trying to make a fast schedule to the safe side of a tie pile, closer to me than was my caboose. I didn't lost any time on that run, but in the three or four seconds I was on it I heard three shots. I was doing my best when I started, and increased my speed each time I heard the deep voice of a revolver. When I reached the tie pile I was going too fast to turn out, so I just shoved myself in the air, slid across the top of the pile, and dropped down on the other side more or less in a hunk.

There were no more shots for a minute and I concluded they were just waiting for me to come out of my hole. About the time I had nerve to peek around the corner of the tie pile, I heard a horse tearing thru the underbrush. Horse and rider came out just to the right of me, headed my way, as if they might be trying to block my getaway. The thought almost ruined my nonchalance, not to mention arousing deep regret that I ever had insisted on my seniority rights on the cinder run.

The fellow was trying to gain the left side of the string of cars on the siding. Tho he passed within a car-length of me he paid no heed, but once across the main line, swung down to the left of the train on the siding, bearing off toward the timber.

When I got up courage to look over the top of the tie pile I was just in time to see the third man to arrive on the scene, standing on the top of my caboose. He was bringing a rifle to his shoulder and as it was pointed in the direction in which I wasn't, I bravely kept my head up where I could see him shoot. He shot just once, stood for a second or two as if observing the result and started to climb down from the top of the car.

If they hadn't involved the good name of my doghouse, I wouldn't have been forced to interfere, which I didn't until it seemed as if all the fireworks were over. I slipped from behind the tie pile and started down toward the caboose and when I saw the fellow was waiting for me I had to keep the sand working to prevent myself from slipping back every time I tried to take a step.

"Howdy," I said when in speaking distance, taking off my hat. "Might I ask—that, is to say, would it be agreeable if I inquired, admitting of course, it's none of my business, what, beside myself, has been going on around here."

THAT was my meeting with Speedy Barber. It was one of the last real gun fights in those parts and if there has been cattle rustling on the 'Frisco range since then, the rustlers have been discriminating; they haven't touched a "Double B" brand from that day to this.

My rear shack I and helped Speedy gather up the wreckage. One of them, a half-breed Indian from the Big Rim country, was done for when we found him in the brush. The other fellow, the one who had circled my tie pile, had a bullet thru his shoulder and a broken leg, the which he caught up with when he fell from his horse. By the time the passenger train slipped by, my caboose resembled a hospital on wheels, for after the excitement was over Speedy admitted that he had been pinked in the fleshy part of the thigh and I had four or five gaping wounds in my imagination.

Speedy asked if I would run to Flagstaff with the bad orders. His slightest wish was my law in view of what I had seen and the further discovery that the request was made by one wearing a deputy sheriff's badge. We set out the cinders and went in light, waited until Speedy turned the demised outlaw and the wounded man over to the sheriff and got medical attention for the hole in his leg, and then carried him back to Riordan so he could look after the saddle horses.

We got pretty well acquainted and several times after that Speedy rode over the rails and spent a few hours with me, generally catching us at Riordan and riding down to the work and decorating the top of the doghouse with me while the crew plowed off the cinders. Always he was wanting me to visit his ranch and when Mac and I had to have our deer it was time to visit Speedy.

It was a regular letter I got in reply to my hint that a friend and I were willing to be coaxed to visit him. Speedy would meet us three days hence if we'd ride the morning passenger into Riordan, the which we did, having enough artillery to start a war.

Speedy Barber was right there with a saddle horse for each of us, which made it embarrassing because Mac wasn't much of a horseman and I hadn't been on the dome of an equine since the days when I was a plow pilot.

There's no need of reciting unpleasant things here when, as Pat would say, they are not relevant. My horse bounced me twenty-five miles and when we lifted Mac from his, at the end of the journey, he insisted that his engine had a broken spring hanger and should be sent to the back shops before going out on another trip.

We made the ranchhouse at the base

(Continued on Page 18.)

"As the Horse Came Down the Road Its Rider Turned Loose With One of Those Hip Cannon."

"But There Is No Hole in the Ceiling. How Could He Come Thru Without Leaving a Hole or Even a Mark on the Wood-work?"

*More About the Weird Wishing Stone.* *What Will Become of Such a Trinket?*

# From Out the Centuries

## By Sidney E. Johnson

### The Story From the Beginning

**JIMSIE NECKKER,** hungry, homeless and ragged, a wanderer in the streets of London, paused in front of the brilliantly lighted mansion in which his half-sister,

**LIZA TRIGGS,** was employed as a servant. The master of Westbourne Terrace was entertaining; guests could be seen enjoying a sumptuous feast. Altho it was winter time, and windows were closed, Jimsie imamined he could taste the various dishes that were being served. When Liza came from the house, bearing a cloak that a departing guest had forgotten, Jimsie promptly told his half-sister that he was starving—freezing. Liza refused to aid him further, and advised him to go to his mother, who was housekeeper for a "hermit gentleman" in Yewboro, on the coast.

While Jimsie was ruminating over his next move, a small square stone, with strange markings on it, came flying from an upper window of the mansion and fell at his feet. He picked it up and put it in his pocket. As he did so a cab containing two East Indians—men of dark skin—stopped in front of the mansion. Then, right before the eyes of the two foreigners, the cabby and a passing errand boy, a strange thing happened—Jimsie suddenly vanished from sight, as if transformed into thin, spotless air.

At about that time four sailors, whose schooner had gone ashore near Yewboro, took refuge in Hung Man's Cove, a wild and lonely place that had its own grewsome legend, which they discussed with quaintly expressed fears. Later they told their experiences in the taproom of the Yew Bow Inn.

**DR. WALVERAIN,** the hermit scientist, who with his housekeeper were the only occupants of Rooksedge, an isolated mansion on the rocky coast, had discovered a beautiful sleeping maiden in one of the caves. The nature of her entombment told him that she had been lying there for many centuries, and the insignia and peculiar construction of her tomb convinced him that she must have been a

**PRINCESS OF VIKINGS,** left there by her fellow Norsemen—navigators, probably—who believed her dead. Dr. Walverain's besetting ambition was to bring her back to life, even at the sacrifice of another woman's life.

The East Indian party that had come to London consisted of

**HAJJI JASS,** Mir Jahzin, Malmout, their servant, and Marie de Valret, a French woman, Hajji Dass' paramour. Hajji's mission in England was to get possession of the very magic stone that was in Jimsie Neckker's pocket when he vanished, only to appear later at the Yew Bow Inn in his own weary bones and shrinking flesh.

### V.

### JULIAN CASE GETS HIS WISH.

"NOT at all, my dear sir, not in the least!" expostulated Julian Case to the village constable, who had the half-frozen and thoroly terrified Jimsie in his grip. "No criminal intent is here. Now law is broken. Any peaceable, law-abiding citizen has a right to enter a public house in any manner he chooses—or is able to."

"But wot do 'ee mean," asked the constable angrily, "a-projectin' 'isself thru the roof or somethink, as orl these men says 'ee done so?"

"Ay," chimed in the landlord, "my 'ouse is a hopen one an' heverybody is welcome 'ere. But they come in in a 'uman manner."

"Yus, sir," said Constable Dulip, welcoming the moral support, "they've got to come in thru the doors conventional, like a man an' not dahn chimbleys or such like, like some bloomin' Santy Claws!"

"Aye, aye!" said the crowd. "That's wot we all says!"

"Now if you are all done, permit me to tell this worthy official something," collectedly replied Mr. Case—he was obviously a gentleman, foreign in dress and manner to the yokel life of Yewboro, and so commanded respect in all its social circles. "First, let us get at the facts. Every one is sure he saw this man come thru the ceiling, I suppose?"

"In course we be!" said one and all boldly.

"Sure enough to take an oath on it?"

"In course we be!" they cried again.

"But there is no hole in the ceiling. How could he come thru it without leaving a hole or even a mark on the wood-work?"

"Yus, that's so," said the crowd, attempting to appear thoughtful. "'Ow could 'ee?"

"Now I intend to see this matter thru. If you are all prepared to make your sacred affidavits——"

"But we ain't—we ain't! We never reely said we was!" came in quick disclaimer.

"No?" said Mr. Julian Case. "It is just as well not to leap to sudden conclusions—to foster unjust suspicions. But since you all seem to be satisfied that there is nothing wrong with this unfortunate man, save a trampish appearance, I beg that you will allow me to go with this worthy constable and his prisoner into yonder small room. I

(Continued on Page 19.)

*Reporter Hatton Discovers New Angles in the Baffling Mystery Story*

# The Devil's Pills

## By Crittenden Marriott

### Read This First

Hatton, under the watchful eyes of Heber and his men, made a thoro search of Werder's room. The burning gas jet had been put out. When Armour, manager of the building, was asked who did it he fainted—dropped just where Werder did and just as suddenly! The gas jet had been lighted by a wired electric battery, but the device had been tampered with.

The reporter also found, wedged in between a dresser and wall the dead body of an Indian cobra. At sight of the snake Detective Heber was choked with rage. He accused Hatton of "planting" it; threatened to arrest him as accessory to the crime, but dared not. Other reporters were convinced that the cobra in some manner had killed Werder. A few hours later a beautiful young woman called at the Gazette office to see Hatton. He got the big surprise of his life, for he had long believed her dead.

The story began in No. 12, the Ledger for March 25. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER IX (Continued).

OUTWARD the girl flung her hands. "And I you," she cried. "I you! I thought I had seen you dead with my own eyes. Oh, Charley! Charley! How did you come back to me from the very grave?"

Step by step Hatton moved toward her till at last he reached her and took her in his arms.

"Oh! Thank God," he choked. "I heard—such horrible things, such circumstantial things, such——"

"Hush!" Like balm the girl's lips clung to his. "They were all true, dear, all true. Only by the mercy of God did I escape them. But now they are past and gone forever unless—unless——"

"Unless traitors and cowards bring them to our own land." Hatton straightened himself and his eyes flashed. "God!" he cried. "If I could make people see—if I could make them understand——"

"Hush!" Again the girl laid her cool fingers on his lips. "They will understand, Charley. You will help make them understand. I have come to help you bring the facts home to them. You have the ear of the public. You will tell them who and what Werder was——"

"It was Werder, then? Ayesha told me——"

"Ayesha? Have you seen Ayesha? Did she escape? I saw her name in the paper, but I could not believe it was really she!"

"Yes! It was she. But you—tell me——"

"I will tell you all; and you will tell the city and the country and the world—now that the world is in the mood to listen. Come! Time flies. Listen and I will tell."

And so, thru the long hours of the morning the lovers, reunited when hope had been abandoned—drawn back, both of them, from the very verge of the grave—sat together, talking, talking, talking. When the morning was gone and the reporters began to trickle in for their daily assignments Claire went away and Charley sat down at his machine to type out the story—a story no longer new except in its personal application—of the murder of a nation, the massacre of a people; a murder and a massacre planned, ordered, and directed, not by red Indians nor acknowledged savages, but by a power that terms itself the exponent of culture and refinement.

He wrote it thus:

### WERDER'S FOES POLITICAL.

#### Vengeance Taken for Atrocities in Far-off Lands.

### HIS AMERICAN VICTIMS.

The night was moonless, but the blinking stars dimly revealed the village that lay along the road in the gap of the foothills, beyond which the desert rolled for unnumbered leagues. The houses, one and all, were dark and silent; barred as if to shut out the moaning that had risen around them the whole night long. Early in the evening, just after the sun had set and the night had come in with a rush, the moaning had been drowned by more sinister sounds—by the shrieks of young girls and the mad protests of older women, and now and then by the last helpless ravings of a man taking toll of those who had led him and his to death. But later on this had died down and only the moaning had continued.

Incessantly, high above, the great stars rolled along their ways, blinking down on the devil's work below. They were very old stars and they had seen much of such work in their times. Human misery was an old tale to them. Not once, but many times in the past five thousand years had they seen the same scenes, the same anguish, the same destruction of the innocent crying out to the inexorable skies. Silent, unheeding, they rolled on their course, while from camps went up the wailing of a million human beings.

So the night passed on till, far in the east, a gray streak showed where the dawn came hesitant, unwilling to reveal the horrors that the night had hidden.

Slowly the light grew. First it picked out the silent houses; then it illumined the multitude that, shelterless, bedless, foodless, had lain all night stretched on the bare ground. A trumpet sounded and here and there men in ragged uniforms roused themselves and straggled toward the trumpeter. The victims—or prisoners, call them what you will—scarcely stirred. Those who moved at all merely sat up and stared hopelessly at the coming day. Some few—mothers these—struggled to their feet and staggered to the spots where the soldiers had camped. Some of them came back later, supporting daughters; others dropped down and began to wail vainly above their dead.

The sun rose higher. The soldiers sat down and began to munch their meager meal. The prisoners, stirred by the sight of food, clambered to their feet and gathered in, in, in; until they stood, like hungry dogs about their masters' tables, hoping that at the end some crumbs might come to them.

Their staring seemed to trouble the soldiers. Abruptly an officer sprang to his feet and barked an order; the soldiers snatched up their rifles, and, like popping firecrackers, their gunfire rattled forth. Here a woman fell, there an old man, yonder a child, till the crowd broke and fled in terror. Then officer and men resumed their meal, leaving the dead where they had fallen and the wounded where they could crawl.

Soon the trumpet called once more. The soldiers formed in line, received orders, and broke up into squads that moved to appointed places and began to herd the prisoners into line.

Swift protest followed. The women—not young women, for these were nearly all dead, but women ill-favored and past the prime of life—began to clamor.

"Are we to have no bread?" they raved.

The answer came in spattering bullets that slew and spared not.

Soon the outcry ceased and the survivors, forming in line, stumbled slowly down the pass, toward the end of the foothills and the beginning of the desert.

Some few stayed behind—here a mother with a child that could not walk and that she was no longer strong enough to carry, as she had during the earlier days of the march; there some one who had given up the unequal fight with the death that had come to seem inevitable; yonder one of the wounded, who could not walk. With none of these did the soldiers stop to argue; a bayonet thrust was quicker and ended all.

Last of all waited the officer with a dozen men and half a dozen horses. At the end he gave an order and a soldier opened the door of one of the village houses and beckoned forth its inmates.

These were five in number. Two of them, a man and a girl, appeared from their clothes and their faces to be Americans. The other three—all girls—were Armenians.

The Armenian girls were sick with horror; desperately they clung to the Americans, with pathetic confidence in their power to save.

Coolly the officer surveyed them. Then he bowed to the American girl.

"It is time to start, mademoiselle," he said, in excellent French. "Be pleased to mount. You, also monsieur!" he bowed to the American man.

The girl glanced swiftly at the three Armenians.

"Pardon, Hassan Bey," she said. "But one of the girls who was with us last night has disappeared. I can not go on without her."

The officer shrugged his shoulders.

"I am sorry," he said. "Mademoiselle should keep better watch over her attendants. Girls will be girls, mademoiselle. They have a strong affection for soldiers and—what would you, mademoiselle?"

"Affection? She was torn away by force. She——"

"I know nothing of that, mademoiselle. Be pleased to mount."

Again he indicated the horses.

The American girl turned to her male companion.

"What shall we do, Charley?" she asked, despairingly. "We can't leave Marye. I promised her mother——"

A shrill scream interrupted. The three Armenian girls had been snatched by soldiers from behind the two Americans and, desperately, but vainly struggling, were being rushed down the dusty road, after the column of prisoners.

The American girl sprang forward, calling to them!

"Ayesha! Vana!" she screamed. "Josepha! Oh, My God! Charley! Don't let them——"

But the American man needed no urging. Already he had started after the girls.

But it is only in novels that one unarmed man can overcome a dozen soldiers. Almost instantly he was thrown back by a wall of crossed bayonets.

Furiously he swung on the Turkish officer.

"Bring those girls back instantly!" he raged. "Instantly, I say, or I'll have you hanged. I know your Sultan and your general. And they know me. I know your German masters, too; and I know they do not know the devil's work that is going on here. I didn't know it until last night. But I'll tell them and they will end it and you. But I'll see that it ends here now, or I'll make the world flame with the tale of its horrors. Bring those girls back! Quick!"

Caressingly the officer fingered his mustache.

"Monsieur, I believe, is a reporter on a newspaper published in America, is he not?" he asked. "Monsieur has been traveling with the German armies—yes? Monsieur was refused permission to come to Armenia—and he chose to come without permission. You see, monsieur, I have received information—and orders. Those swine——" he pointed to the slowly-moving column—"those swine are going into the desert. They will never come out of it.

"The Germans—plainly monsieur

**A Shrill Scream Interrupted. The Three Armenian Girls Had Been Snatched From Behind the Two Americans.**

does not know that the Armenians are being evacuated at the request of the Germans. Monsieur was to have accompanied them—and he was not to have come back. The American papers—and the Sultan, on whom be peace—would have lamented the zeal that cost him his life. But now that monsieur wishes to hang me I shall take a quicker way."

He stepped back.

"Strike!" he ordered in Turkish.

The American had no time to guard. Pat at the word, a soldier, standing behind him, struck, driving a bayonet clear thru his body; and without a cry he crashed forward upon his face.

Claire did not cry out. Stunned into silence, she gazed at the body of her countryman with eyes that grew until they seemed to fill all her face.

"Dead!" she breathed. "Dead! Oh! Charley! Charley. Dead!"

At last she looked at the Turkish officer.

He was watching her smilingly.

"Be pleased to note, mademoiselle," he observed, silkily, "that your friend attacked me and that my orderly was compelled to kill him in my defense."

White as death, but undaunted, Claire faced him. The blood of Mayflower pilgrims and of Virginia cavaliers mingled in her veins.

"Better kill me, too," she granted. "I take up the fight where my friend has dropped it. Better kill me, too."

But Hassan laughed.

"We do not kill young and pretty women in Turkey," he observed, "at least, not immediately." Then suddenly his face darkened into a snarl of rage. "Bah!" he snarled. "You are a fool. A day's tramp with the procession of the condemned will teach you much. Go! Join them. Tonight you will kneel to me for the protection of my tent. Go! I say."

He pointed to the dusty road, already shimmering in the red rays of the mounting sun, fit promise of the blaze that waited in the desert.

Obedient to his sign two soldiers sprang forward to clutch the girl. But as their hands touched her she played her last card.

"Take care!" she shrilled. "I sent word by a sure hand to the German consul last night—word that will bring him instantly on my track; and if harm comes to me he will see that you pay, pay, pay!"

The Turk hesitated. Claire's words were disquieting. Then:

"I think you are lying," he said, conversationally. "But I have no wish to interfere with the—er—designs of my friends, the Germans. They are too nearly akin to us Turks in spirit. So I will wait till tonight. If Herr Lilienkranz reaches us by then he will find you a little weary perhaps—but uninjured. If he does not reach us——"

A shrug completed the sentence. Again he signed to the soldiers.

But Claire pointed to a cloud of dust that was rising far up the pass.

"He comes now," she panted.

Her words were a mere guess, with no real foundation except hope. But they proved true. Swiftly the dust came nearer and from it emerged an automobile, furiously driven. Straight up to the group it came and from it stepped a huge blond man, strong and heavy, with the high cheekbones and broad face of the Prussian. Forward he strode with the air of one used to command.

"What does this mean, Hassan Bey?" he demanded, angrily. "Why have you detained this high well-geborn lady?"

Hassan Bey clicked his heels together and threw up his hand in salute.

"Your pardon, Herr Consul," he said. "I did not detain the lady. She insisted on coming with us. She claimed she wished to protect the women whose traitorous rebellion against our mighty Sultan—on whose name be peace—compelled him to order their removal. Apparently she distrusted our good faith."

The frown of the Consul's face did not lessen, but he turned to Claire questioningly.

"Is this true, Fraulein?" he asked.

"It is not true." Claire was choking with the sudden revulsion of feeling; scarcely could she speak. "It is not true. I was carried off with the girls from the American mission. I have been kept a prisoner. A friend, an American newspaper man, who followed to save me, came last night, and but now was murdered in cold blood at my very feet. Others too were murdered!

"Look about you and see their bodies; all the night long I heard the murderers at work. The girls I tried to protect were forced away and are being driven into the desert to death and worse than death. And this man dared to say that this was being done by the desire and with the consent of your German Emperor."

Fury, real or pretended, convulsed the consul's features. 'Round he swung upon the Turkish officer. If his eyes quivered, negativing the purport of his words, Edith did not see it.

"Dog," he barked. "Send orders at once to halt the prisoners till instructions for their disposal can be obtained. Order the girls who were with this lady to be brought back instantly."

"Zu befehl, Herr Consul."

Hassan Bey beckoned to an orderly and gave him swift orders and watched the man speed away on the trail of the vanished procession.

Lielienkranz ignored him and his action. Plainly he took obedience for granted. Gravely he turned to Claire.

"I regret that you should have suffered so, Fraulein," he said. "I came as quickly as I could. I grieve that I was too late to save this chivalrous gentleman——" he pointed at the body of the newspaper correspondent—"and these other poor people. I shall inform my gracious Emperor of what the dogs of Turks are doing; and it will be stopped."

"I thank you."

Reaction had come upon Claire and she tottered where she stood.

The consul caught her and lifted her into his car.

"Rest here till your girls come, Fraulein," he directed.

Claire opened her mouth, but no words came. The brilliant day was growing dark about her. Faintly she heard the consul's voice assuring her that the American correspondent should have decent burial. Then blackness, utter and all prevading, wrapped her 'round.

Hours later, it seemed, she opened her eyes and found herself in bed, beneath a roof. For a moment she lay motionless, staring wonderingly at the unfamiliar walls. Then, abruptly, memory returned and she sat up.

"Charley!" she called. "Ayesha! Josepha!"

"Yes! Yes! Miss Claire! Ayesha's here." A girl—one of the three who had been with her—ran to the bed. "I am here!"

Wildly Claire's eyes quested the room.

"Josepha, too," she muttered. "But Vana! Where is Vana?"

The girls' eyes clouded and they looked at each other hesitantly.

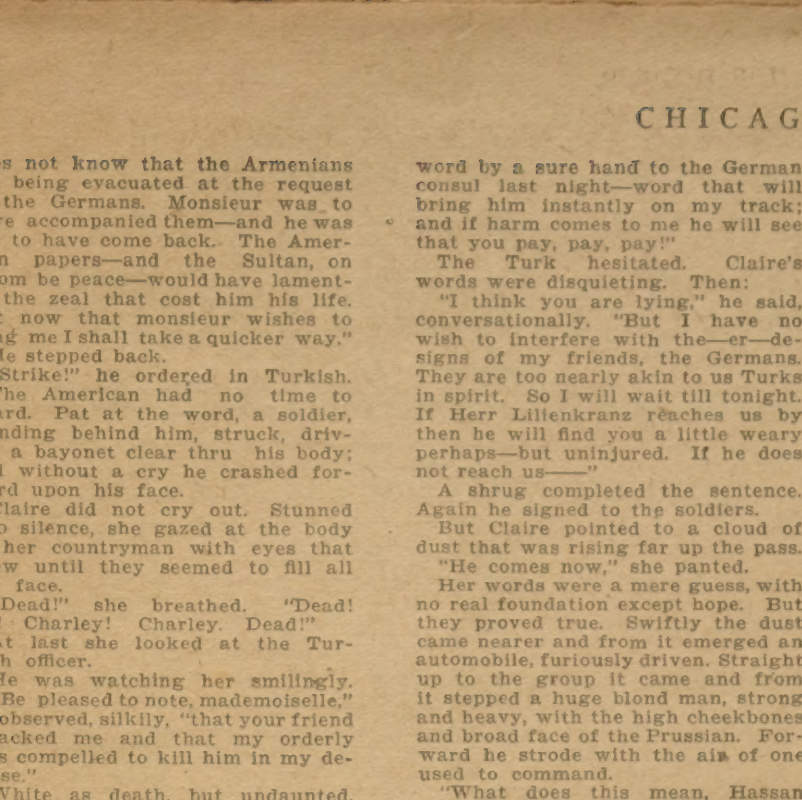
"Vana ain't here," answered Ayesha at last. Ayesha, tho an Armenian born, had spent much of her life in America.

"Why not? Where is she? I promised her mother to bring her back safely. Where is she? Wasn't she with you?"

"Yes! Miss Claire. But she fought

(Continued on Page 23.)

# NEW LEDGER PATTERNS

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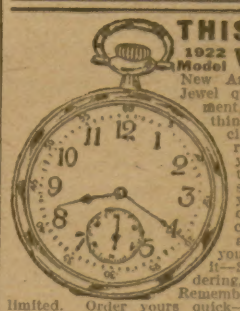

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# A Page for the Woman in the Home

## VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

IT FILLS me with gladness to find myself taken into your hands again. Howdy! I know I talk to the exclusion of everybody else, but if we were at closer range I should certainly make you talk.

There are some people, however, who do all, all, all of the conversing. People of this sort actually congratulate themselves on being good conversationalists! The more rapidly they can talk and the more completely they can keep others from talking, the more highly they prize themselves for being "good conversationalists." And altho I am a feminist to the last hair of my head, I must say, in all justice, that the fault of monopolizing the conversation is more apparent among women than men.

I have a personal friend who is a most charming young matron. She is well-bred, up-to-date, ambitious, sparklingly beautiful. And she thinks deeply. She is broad-minded, yet not shallow. She is deep. What a perfect companion she ought to make! What refreshing company she should be—in the name of all that is logical!

But what happens when we go to see her or she comes to see us? We simply consign ourselves to a mute evening. Frances simply starts in on a monologue. One would think she had memorized a thesis. All her personal reactions to all her experiences since we last saw her are recited thrillingly, minutely, dramatically. All her reactions to the news, the theories, the books of the day. It's what I thought when I read this, "how I felt as I was slipping down the front stairs!" "what I wrote to the Congressman and why I wrote it, and how the idea came to me as I lay awake in the middle of the night with the hail beating down upon the roof."

If some one would only tell Frances! But who could attempt such a thing? At the end of the evening we cough to see if our voices are still working. For one cannot be polite and yet interrupt. And anyway, if your audience is not going to be more interested than that——!

But I did interrupt Lady Frances. In fact, I have interrupted her several times to tell her in desperation something, anything. But do you know what she did? She heard me out each time—heard me deafly. I felt the doors simply shut, for she half closed her eyes and sat biding the time when I should have finished. I knew not a word I said was being comprehended any more than if I had said my say in another planet. And as soon as I had finished, dingding! with a full rush she sped on, seizing up the thread of her own conversation where I had interrupted it.

We have an acquaintance from way back. We meet her once a year, say, in the department stores. She descends upon us, talks of the chawming weather and, "I have just been sitting for my portrait," says she, "and Natley kept me posing so long I shall never meet Mrs. de Puyster in time. Oh, thank you, I'm just fine, fine, couldn't feel better. Daughter is coming tomorrow and she demands a squirrel coat trimmed in ermine. Oh, yes, in that school one must dress. She is so popular. The Ormonds have invited her for a week-end. They're simply crazy about her. You know the Ormonds have millions. Tada—tada—tada—well, so glad to have met you—good-by."

She is gone, and we feel as if some one has injected something under our skins. And I know at least seven people like this. But you may rest assured I see them seldom. And wouldn't you?

### WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?

**Editor's Note: Have you a peculiar problem of the heart that is vexing you? Are you puzzled as to the rule to follow in some social event in which you are to participate? Do you wish specialized information on any subject? Do you wish to consult some one upon any phase of painting, sculpture, music, the stage, or writing? Do you want to ask a question concerning beauty culture? If so, you are invited to put your**

(Continued on Page 11.)

## AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER

**BREAKFAST.**

Prunes
Cereal and Top Milk
Bacon
Nut Muffins Coffee or Milk

**DINNER.**

Boiled Mutton, Caper Sauce
Sweet Potatoes Turnips
Chocolate Pie

**SUPPER.**

Cream Tomato Soup
Baked Bean Sandwiches
Canned Fruit
Peanut Jumbles.

**Nut Muffins.**

Two cups of flour, half a teaspoon of salt and three teaspoons of baking powder, sifted together. Add one cup of milk, mixed with a beaten egg and three tablespoons of cooking oil, and a third of a cup of broken nut meats. Bake in well greased muffin tins for half an hour.

**Baked Bean Sandwiches.**

Mash baked beans and moisten with a little vinegar or ketchup. Spread between buttered slices of bread.

**Caper Sauce.**

2 tablespoons butter.
2 tablespoons flour.
1 tablespoon Kingford's cornstarch.
2 cups milk.
1 teaspoon vinegar.
3 tablespoons capers. Salt and pepper to taste.

Rub butter, flour and cornstarch to a paste. Add the milk and stir over moderate fire till it thickens. Add vinegar, capers and seasoning. Serve with lamb or mutton.

## DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

### BROWN SUGAR

NOT very startling news, that, but a fact, nevertheless, to which we don't seem to pay much attention. That is, we don't use it as much as we might for variety's sake. It is a very cheap way of giving a very good flavor to our ordinary food.

Now, to begin with, there is hard sauce made with brown sugar instead of white. It is a delicious change to serve, especially with a spiced pudding or cake. With hot gingerbread, it makes a delectable and satisfying dessert.

Then there are various sorts of cakes and puddings that ordinarily call for white sugar, but that are changed and improved occasionally by using brown sugar. Here are some of them.

**Fig Cake.**

Two cupfuls of sugar (dark brown), one cupful of butter, one of water, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, four eggs, two cupfuls of chopped raisins, half a glass of wine, one pound of figs, chopped, two cupfuls of English currants, washed and dried, three cupfuls of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers, which in putting together, alternate with layers made from the following: Two cupfuls of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, one of cornstarch, two of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

**Chocolate Wafers.**

Cream half a cupful of butter with half cupfuls of flour, cut into squares, sugar, add one egg well beaten, half a cupful of grated chocolate, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Add one and one-half cupfuls of flour, cut into squares, and bake for five or ten minutes in a moderate oven.

**Smith College Fudge.**

Melt one-quarter cup of butter. Mix together in a separate dish one cup of white sugar, one cup of brown sugar, one-quarter cup of molasses and one-half cup of cream. Add this to the butter, and after it has been brought to a boil continue boiling for two and one-half minutes, stirring rapidly. Then add two squares of Baker's Premium No. 1 Chocolate, scraped fine. Boil this five minutes, stirring it first rapidly, and then more slowly towards the end. After it has been taken from the fire add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Then stir constantly until the mass thickens. Pour into buttered pan and set in a cool place.

## THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

### BREAD AND BUTTER

IT SEEMS like such a simple matter to butter a slice of bread, but it has in fact been a stumbling-block in table manners ever since our forefathers and foremothers conceived the idea of eating butter on the bread.

Doubtless it would be a convenience to many persons to have bread served already spread with butter, and at buffet luncheons or suppers bread and butter sandwiches often do take the place of slices of bread and pats of butter.

The matter is somewhat simplified if there are bread and butter plates and special butter knives. But it is quite possible to butter bread and eat it correctly without such conveniences.

All that some persons seem to realize in the matter is that it is bad form to lay a slice of bread on the table before spreading it. To avoid this they may do one of two things—make an effort to spread it on the side of the plate or lay the slice of bread on an outstretched hand and butter it there. This sounds rather preposterous, but watch and you will see that some persons who ought to know better still employ this childish method of getting butter on their bread.

Of course the whole point is that you should not butter a whole slice of bread at once. You should simply break off a morsel of bread large enough for one or two bites and holding it between thumb and forefinger of the left hand quickly apply a little butter with the right hand. It won't taste a bit better if you have the butter evenly and smoothly spread, and you may make yourself quite ridiculous if you take such long pains to spread your bread precisely.

**These Talks on Etiquette Appear Each Week in the Ledger.**

## What Your Name Signifies

**Facts about it; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.**

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

### AGNES

THE Greek word agos, signifying a matter of religious awe, gave the adjective agnos, meaning sacred, pure, and it, in turn, names the tree whose twigs the Greek matrons strewed on their beds during the festival of Demeter, which the Romans called Agnus Castus.

Incidentally, the Latin word for lamb is agnus, and since this animal was used for the sacred purpose of sacrifice, Agnes comes by her heritage of purity and sanctity logically.

One of the first women to bear the name of Agnes was the gentle Roman maiden whose martyrdom named the Church of St. Agnese. It is said to have been built by Constantine on the spot where she was put to the utmost proof and retains an old mosaic picturing her clad only in her flowing hair, being dragged along by brutal soldiers. Another ancient church covers the catacomb where she was interred and the story goes that while her relatives and pilgrims who care to pay their homage were weeping there one day, she appeared suddenly in radiant glory with a lamb of spotless whiteness.

The gospel for St. Agnes' day was the parable of the ten virgins, and since she was accused of magic arts, English superstition arose that by watching and fasting on The St. Agnes Eve, maidens could discover their fate in marriage; by praying nine times to the moon and fasting. three Eves in succession, they could secure whom they would. Keats, in his exquisite poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes," refers to this superstition:

"They told her how upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,***
If ceremonies due they did aright:
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire!"

Agnes is popular in England, Scotland, and as a royal name in France and Germany. France calls her Agnies; Agneta is an English form; Agnese, Agnesca, and Agnete are Italian. The Welsh form is Nest. The jewel assigned to Agnes is the agate, which gives courage and guards its wearer from danger. It is considered a cure for insomnia, and insures pleasant dreams. Thursday is a fortunate day for Agnes and 2 her talismanic number. If she dreams of her jewel, it is a sign of a journey. Her flower is the wild rose, signifying simplicity.

**Next Week: CYNTHIA. Watch for It.**

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 9 and 26

# A Game for Ten Thousand

## By James Freeman

"GET down your money, men. Get it down before I let him go. No bets taken once the dice are falling. Get it down now or wait until the next roll."

There was neither rise nor fall to the voice of Hank, the game keeper. Gambling long since had ceased to thrill or exhilarate him. He was impervious to ebb and flow alike of the fortunes of those who, gathered about the green-topped table over which he presided, risked their money, big or little, on the fall of the dice. Hank had become a mere automaton whose skill at directing games of chance earned for him a generous stipend within the limits of which he was content to live.

But tonight Hank was on the alert, altho he did not betray it by so much as one hurried movement of the mechanical precision with which he paid off the winners or scooped in the losses of those who had wagered unwisely, or by any change in the droning sing-song with which he was accustomed to wheedle from reluctant players the largest bets permitted in Dick Williams' place.

For there was a stranger in the game and he had been winning consistently ever since he had entered the gambling house early in the evening and, with an air of insouciance which utterly failed to conceal his eagerness, had taken a place at the table. How he had managed to get by the lookout in the cigar store upstairs which camouflaged the entrance to this underground room where play was going on had puzzled Hank for awhile.

"Tin horn sport from some hick town," Hank had mentally classified him at first and wearily set himself to watch for "shapes," "loads" or other crooked dice which experience had taught him to expect from such. But the game keeper had changed his mind after the first few rounds in which the stranger participated. For he neither exhorted nor objurgated the little cubes in the manner of those who seek to woo fortune thru them. Neither did he shake the dice box like one accustomed to it, fervently and long, and then toss out the "bones" in a long sweeping motion that would roll them the full length of the table.

He picked them up slowly, without effort to drop them into the box with the fortunate numbers uppermost, gave the box a short swing and rolled the dice out with a short run. He did not object when other players retrieved them or clicked them in moist palms to "heat 'em up" or did any of the hundred and one things which the superstitious resent as omens of ill-luck.

He stood now directly across the table from Hank and facing the exact middle of the chalk-drawn layout on the green cloth and the money rack which held the reserve of the bank. Before him, arranged in neat little piles, a double handful of greenbacks and, flanking them, stacks of silver dollars told the tale of successful play. The hat brim pulled low over his forehead could not hide the fact that he was young, little more than a boy, and quivering nostrils and hands that trembled, altho but slightly, betrayed that he was tremendously wrought up by the good fortune attending him.

The other players, small fry most of them, already had placed their wagers upon the next roll. Now they waited impatiently for the stranger to set out the invariable ten dollars he had been betting. The young man, however, seemed in no hurry. The player with the dice box rattle it suggestively.

"Let me go, Hank," he pleaded. "Let me go while they're hot."

"Just a minute. Just a minute," replied the imperturbable Hank. "Are you all down, men? Last call. If you want to play get it down now or it's no bet."

He addressed them impartially, but he looked straight at the young man, who still hesitated, while he nervously fingered a stack of silver. Then, with sudden resolve, he pushed it upon the layout.

"Straight," he said briefly.

"Shoot," ordered Hank then, almost before the dice had ceased to roll he had read them. "And he throwed a seven," he droned and whisked the cubes to his side for safekeeping until he should have paid off.

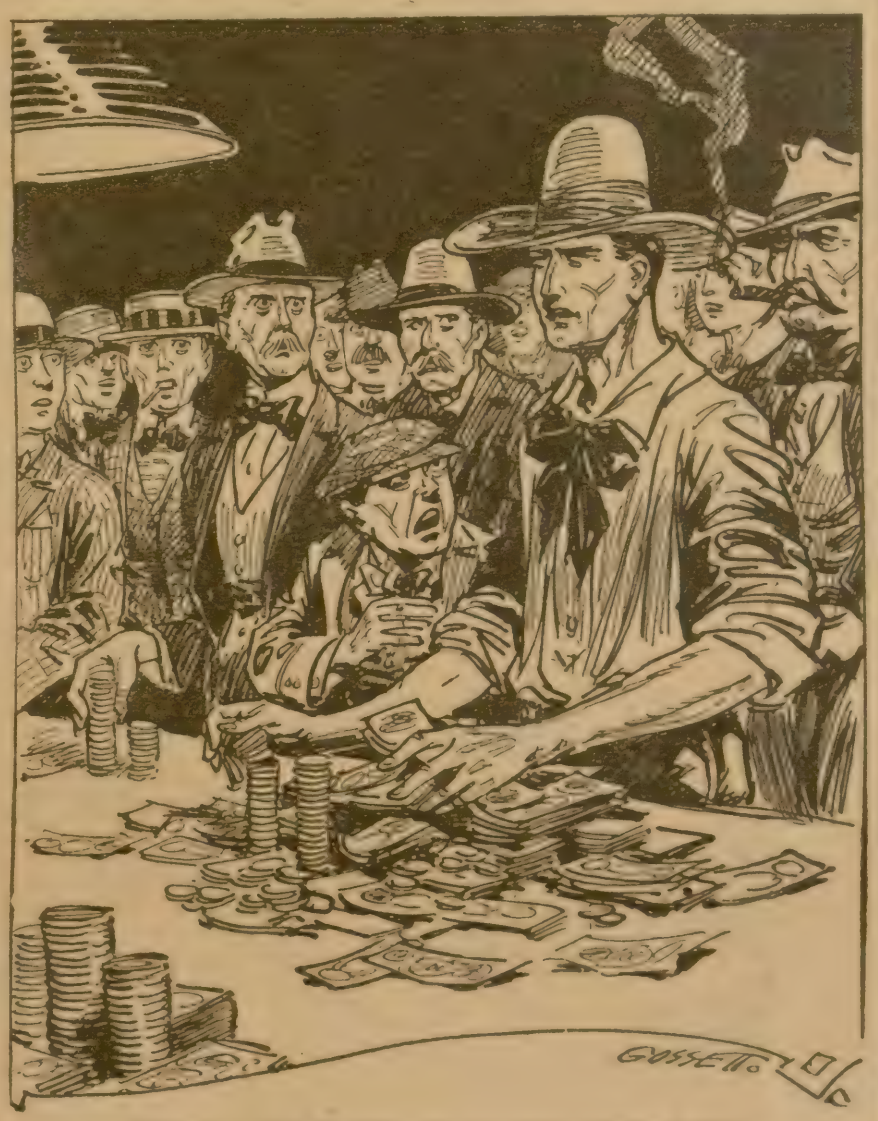
The youth bent forward eagerly, hands fluttering over the money he had wagered. Hank, as is the way with game keepers the world over, passed him by to pay off the others. It is a creed with house men to make the largest winner wait to the very last.

"Must have a horseshoe in your pocket, pardner," he said dispassionately as finally he measured up the stack of dollars against that of the stranger, bit it off evenly above the tenth and returned the rest to the rack. "Bet 'em heavy while the luck's following you."

Hank shrugged his shoulders.

"If the gentleman is looking for more excitement, Hank, by all means take off the limit for him," broke in a suave voice from behind the game keeper. It was Dick Williams himself, owner of the place. Perched upon a high stool, he had thus far held aloof from the game and the arguments to which it gave birth, but his keen eyes from behind slitted eyelids had missed none of the play since word had been conveyed to him that a strange youth had been making dents in the bankroll.

"Boss says sky's the limit, boys. Get it down now," said Hank. "Anything goes." His tone had become more brisk. Taking off the limit meant but one thing. Dick Williams had sensed that the stranger's luck was about to change and proposed to get back from him as rapidly as possible the money it had taken him hours to win. It is an old trick in gambling-houses, to hold the players down to nominal bets as long as they are winning; to accept any wager the minute they begin to herald their own waning confidence by protesting against the limit.



"I'll Bet It All," He Said. "Is It a Go?" "You're Faded."

THE stranger exhaled sharply. But he did not hesitate. Promptly he pushed forward several stacks of silver.

"Shoot," called Hank and the dice spun out of the box and upon the table.

"And he throwed eleven," he added.

"Bum guessing, Dick, bum guessing," chortled a winner and derisive laughter at the expense of the gambling-house keeper followed. Dick Williams did not deign to reply. He did not care if the stranger won now, or the next time or the next. Sooner or later, if he persisted in his betting, the breaks would turn against him and the plucking would be short. For Williams had discerned by infallible signs that the youth was out

## Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

(Continued From Page 10.)

question to Victoria Grey. The chief condition of publication in the column which will appear on Page 2 is that it shall be of general interest—one that all of us may read with profit to our understanding. Only your initials will be published in our columns, or, if you prefer, your pseudonym as it appears at the bottom of your letter.

Victoria Grey, born and reared on a farm, has been in turn a successful portrait and landscape painter, a successful actress—starring on Broadway, and a successful musician. In the many short-stories and widely published novels which has flowed from her pen she has constructed literally thousands of heart problems and other kinds, too, and solved them all for her readers.

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ASTHMA

to make a "killing," that when he began to lose he would seek to coerce Fortune by increasing his wagers. When that happened the end was near.

The youth laid hands upon his winnings and his original stake and began to draw them toward him. Midway to his side of the table the voice of the game keeper broke in.

"Pulling down, pardner?" it inquired sarcastically. "Thought you were out for action. Time enough to reduce when the luck goes the other way, but when a man's winning——" He bit off the rest of the sentence in a grimace of disgust. It was cunningly done. Youth least of all likes to be branded yellow before an audience.

The young man's face flushed. He continued to pull the silver toward him.

"No, I wasn't pulling down," he replied evenly. "But why bet a handful of chicken feed when I have these?" He dipped his fingers into the greenbacks before him and, scorning to count them, tossed them upon the layout.

At his elbow there was a gasp. A weazened little gutter snipe drew in his breath with a sharp sucking sound. The stranger had chanced upon one throw of the dice a sum that to this chary little wagerer of quarters and half dollars would have meant luxury for a year.

"I'm trailin' you, bo," he croaked and shoved to the center of the table half of his scant pile. Tensely, eagerly he bent far forward to hover above the dice as they whirled across the cloth and came to a stop.

"Another eleven," he screamed in his cracked falsetto. "We win again. Pay me off, Hank. Pay me off. It's five dollars I win."

Contemptuously the game keeper regarded him.

"In a hurry, Dopey?" he asked. "The gentleman here has won a lot more than that and you don't hear him howling for his money." Then, his deft hands having accomplished their work, he began calling for bets.

The stranger had made no move to touch the twin mound of bills which were his.

"Ah, leaving it all?" There was satisfaction, mingled with flattery, in Hank's voice. The youth still considered. Then a violent tug at his sleeve.

"Drag down. Drag down," almost screamed Dopey in his ear. "Don't let him bunk you. Don't play no house man's tip. You lose sure. You're winner now, big winner. Don't let him string you into droppin' your wad."

"Dopey!" Hank's voice cut harshly into the harangue. "The gentleman is playing his own money. Cut it out now or I'll bar you from the game. Hear me?"

"Aw, Hank, I didn't mean no harm," whined the other. "I'm just handin' him a tip. He's a big winner and——"

"Well, keep your mouth shut," relented Hank. "All right, men. Get your money down. Shoot. And he throwed a dozen. The house wins."

Lightning-like his long arms flashed out and swept the table bare of its stakes.

"See, I told you. I told you," croaked Dopey. "Play a house man's hunch and you lose. You d—n fool!"

For the first time the stranger appeared to notice him. He turned and surveyed him coolly. Dopey shrank back, abashed.

"I didn't mean nothin', bo. Honest to Gawd, I didn't," he mumbled, cringing before the other. "You're big winner now. Why don't you lay off 'til the bones get hot again?"

"Big winner!" The stranger laughed disdainfully. "Big winner! There isn't two thousand dollars in that pile," he pointed at the money in front of him. "I want big money, not that. Two thousand dollars!"

Recklessly he dropped both hands upon bills and silver and with cupped palms shoved it all away from him.

"I'll bet it all," he said. "Is it a go?"

For only the fraction of a second Hank hesitated. Two sharp prods in his back from the toe of his employer's boot galvanized him into speech.

"You're faded," he announced succinctly and began his sing-song to the others to "get it down." But awe had seized upon them. In the face of the stranger's wager their own would, at best, be conspicuously small. His two thousand graced the layout alone.

"Guess you'll have to roll them yourself, pardner," said Hank. "This time you travel alone." He tossed the dice and their box to the stranger. "Shoot."

With steady hands the youth picked them up. Dick Williams slid from his stool and, without waiting to watch the finish, edged from behind the table and thru the spectators toward the door of the stairway leading above. Some sixth sense told him that it was all over.

Perhaps the youth, standing there with the dice box in hand, knew it, too. He gave the box an even shorter shake than usual, let the cubes roll from it gently and turned to go the minute they stopped.

An ace and a deuce stood uppermost.

"And he throwed craps. The house wins," proclaimed Hank, formal to the last. Then he became solicitous.

"Broke, pardner?" he called to the youth, pushing way out of the press of other players, eager now that the tenseness was ended to resume their own petty gambling. For only the briefest fraction of a minute the other paused.

"Yes," he replied shortly. "Good-night."

But Hank was not done with him.

"Here's your lunch money, then," he called. He spun a silver dollar across the table. "Losers always get a stake for the eats."

"Thanks, I don't need it. Good night." Not even a sign of a break in the young man's voice as he crossed the room to the door. Beside it, leaning against the wall, Dick Williams had silently listened. Now he reached out a tapering hand and caught the other's arm.

"I am about to eat my lunch," he said. "I should like to have your company. That is, if you are not in a hurry——"

"Hurry." The young man laughed shortly. "A man with no place to go has no call for haste. I'll accept your invitation with thanks. As a matter of fact, I'm hungry, but I could not bring myself to swallow the insult of your man Hank by taking the dollar he offered."

"Hank's a good fellow but a plain fool," agreed Williams, leading the way to another door in a corner of the room. "He didn't mean to insult you. But he doesn't know enough not to offer a stake to men like you. He meant it in all kindness, and it is customary to stake a loser to lunch money when he goes broke. You aren't a frequenter of gambling houses, are you?"

"This is my first time," admitted the youth, taking the chair the gambler pointed out beside a lunch-laden table in an inner room.

"No?" There was surprise in Dick Williams' voice. "I wouldn't have thought it. You played like it was old business to you."

The other chuckled.

"Oh, I've seen dice before," he admitted. "I've shot craps with the boys a few times, down back of the barn or out in the woods when we sneaked away from a picnic or sometimes in behind the livery stable down at Rocksburg, where I come from. To tell the truth, I never bet over a two-dollar bill in all my life before tonight."

"No?" Williams clucked audibly. "I'll say for you that you are one game guy. Well, don't let the lunch get cold."

IT WAS not until they had finished the meal that he brought the conversation back again to the subject.

"I don't want to pry into any personal matters," he said then, "but I'm interested in you. How much did you drop in there?" He nodded toward the outer room.

"All I had. Five hundred dollars. Why?" He shot the question at the gambler. Williams was slowly peeling off several bills from a roll he had taken from his pocket. Now he pushed them across the table.

"Here is your money back," he said, but the other did not offer to touch it.

"Why?" he asked again.

"Because I want you to have it," replied Williams; then, noting the dangerous glint in the youth's eye, he added quickly: "You made a hit with me because you are game. You lost all you had and yet you didn't bat an eye."

"Which is no reason at all. Why should I? The money was mine to do with as I pleased. I earned it honestly. I chose to risk it against yours. I lost. If I had won I should have kept yours, and never have thought of returning it to you because you didn't whimper. I'm no welcher, Williams." He rose to go. "I thank you for your very good lunch, but now I must be going."

"Sit down," said Williams. "You said awhile ago you had no place to go. I have a proposition that may interest you. You know very much about me?"

"Quite a good deal. You were known as 'Square Dick' Williams before I was born. No man ever accused you of cheating, and you are one of the few old-timers who still prosper at the game. You once broke the bank at Luray's place in Carson and you used to be one of the fastest men on the draw with a gun in the West."

The old gambler chuckled.

"A man had to be fast in those days," he said reflectively. "It was your life against the other fellow's. Yes, I could shoot some. Can still, for that matter. And I've always played square. It pays in gambling just as it does in anything else. The odds always were in my favor. They always are when some other fellow is bucking your game, even if it is on the square. But, enough about me. Mind telling me about yourself?"

"Not at all. My name's Thornton, Bob Thornton. I am—or was—a clerk in Burton's dry goods store down at Rocksburg."

"Not old Jim Burton, by any chance? I heard he had settled in some little town near here."

"Yes, my late employer's name was James Burton. Know him?"

"Know him? Know Jim Burton? I should say I do. Tall, angular old chap, with a big foot, and, if he hasn't shaved 'em off since I last saw him, a set of billy goat whiskers that waggle when he talks."

Thornton laughed delightedly.

"That's him to a T," he cried. "I happen to know about the big foot particularly. He kicked me out of his house night before last."

The gambler eyed him appraisingly.

"I shouldn't have liked to try it," he said. "Why didn't you muss him up? Or," hopefully, "perhaps you did?"

"No." Thornton shook his head. "I probably would if it had been any one else. But Alice was there——" he paused in some confusion.

"Alice?"

"Yes, Burton's daughter. And I didn't have any particular wish to endanger my standing with her by using her father for a chopping block. Still, I believe she would have stood for me tweaking his whiskers. For, you see, it was because of her that I got booted off the place. I told Mr. Burton I wanted to marry her."

Williams whooped in glee.

"That's why I came here tonight," pursued Thornton. "He put it in my head."

"No? Old Jim Burton? Why, that old rascal sees red every time he thinks of me. Go on, boy, go on. Why did he send you to me?"

"Well, he didn't do just that, but he suggested it—after he'd got me out of the front door and yelled at me that I was fired from the store. Said that if I was gambler enough to try and win his daughter I ought to come down here and mix with other gamblers. He said that if I could come to him and lay ten thousand dollars all my own down in front of him he might talk turkey to me."

"Ten thousand dollars. And you thought you could come into my place and win it off me—at ten dollars a throw?" Williams rocked in his chair in an abandon of laughter. Thornton looked ruefully at him for a moment, then he, too, laughed.

"It is funny," he admitted. "But I was so darned angry and so anxious to show that old man that I didn't stop to think of that then. I drew out all my savings yesterday the minute the bank opened and I came down on the first train leaving Rocksburg. Only if I had won ten thousand dollars, or anywhere near it, I wouldn't have taken it and asked old man Burton if I could please have Alice. I'd have opened up a rival store to his and I'd have made him take me in as a partner or get out of business altogether. Why, Mr. Williams," enthusiastically, "Rocksburg is just pining for a modern, up-to-date dry goods store. Burton's may have been the class in other days, but now, why it's a joke."

Williams held up a protesting hand.

"Anything old Jim Burton had a hand in would be a joke," he said, "but spare me the details. But you didn't win ten thousand dollars. You haven't got a cent. What next?"

"I confess I haven't made any plans. But, I'll get that ten thousand yet, some place, somehow."

"And that's where I come in. No," as the young fellow made as if to interrupt, "let me have my say now, without any objections from you. I'll make you a proposition. Take it or leave it, just as you may wish. But if you accept, it may open the way for you to have ten thousand dollars of your own—within a week. Are you interested?"

"Go ahead."

"Old Jim Burton did me a rotten trick once. It doesn't matter what now. But I'd part with a good big stake to get him on the run now. Still, that hasn't anything to do with what I have to propose to you, except that if ten thousand dollars will make that old sinner smart I'll make that the stake for which you play. I had intended making it five.

"Here is the lay. Boy," he leaned across the table and gazed intently at Thornton, "I'm fairly pining for some excitement, something that will make life worth living once more before I die. I want to play one more game. Not cards or dice or for stakes like the pikers in this town would care for. I am fairly dying for one more taste of the old days when a man's safety depended upon the keenness of his wits. I want to have one exciting week and then I'll be ready to settle down for keeps and if you are the boy who give me that week it will be worth ten thousand dollars to you. But nothing commonplace will do. Oh, I thought out a plan long ago, but until tonight, when I saw you, I never found the man I wanted to play that game with. This must be played in deadly earnest on both sides. Of course the fact that I have taken a liking to you and that the happiness of a girl is involved rather complicates things. I had rather thought that my opponent in this game would be some chap who was desperate enough to take a chance on anything because he had lost everything and had nothing left to live for. Still, if, after hearing my plan, you want to take a chance you can be the boy who plays opposite me.

"NOW, here is my proposition. For exactly one week, beginning the minute you accept, I will carry on my person at all times the sum of ten thou-

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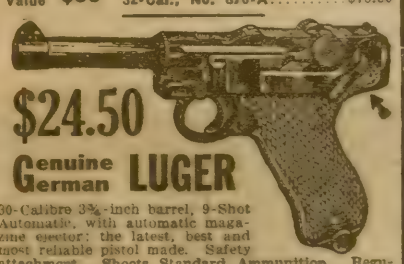

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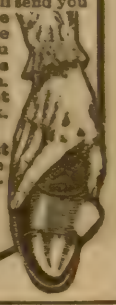

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sand dollars. If you can take it away from me, it is yours. But I promise you it will not be easy, Thornton. The old saying that eternal vigilance is the price of safety has ruled my life and I never have been caught napping. That is why I am here today. How does the game look to you?"

"Good," replied Thornton, slowly. "I have nothing to lose and everything to gain. I suppose that I may choose any method of taking the money away from you that looks best to me? What is to keep me from shooting you down and robbing you at my leisure?"

"Nothing. But I am willing to chance that you would not do that. If you should yield to temptation and kill me I would have made a serious mistake in my estimate of you. No, Thornton, you are not that kind. But even if you were I should still want to play the game. And you would not find getting the drop on me an easy matter. Look!"

Williams' hand which a second before had been lying upon the table suddenly darted toward his belt and instantly Thornton found himself staring into the muzzle of a nasty little automatic.

"You're fast still," he admitted. "Years have not slowed up the hand of the man who once was the fastest on the draw in all the West. Well, I accept, Mr. Williams. When does the game start?"

"Right now. It is just exactly 1:22 a. m." The old gambler backed across the room to a safe in the corner and, without taking his eyes off Thornton, reached in and withdrew a large white envelope.

"There is the ten thousand dollars," he said and placed the envelope in his inner coat pocket. "The game is on. In order that you may play it for all that it is worth, take the five hundred from the table in front of you and use it for expenses."

"No." Thornton had risen and now stood, hat in hand, by the door. "No, I will make out without help from you. Well, good night, or rather good morning, Mr. Williams. One week from this hour I shall be here, either to accept your congratulations or to confess that I have failed. And I believe that I am going to like this game as well as you."

"Good morning," said Williams. His voice had taken on a metallic ring, his eyes glittered and to Thornton he seemed an entirely different man from the one who only a few minutes before had been such a jovial host. For Dick Williams the game had begun in deadly earnest.

For a second they stood thus measuring each other, then the door slammed and Thornton was gone.

FOR Dick Williams the days and nights which followed were filled with the excitement which he had craved.

When he left his place several hours after Thornton had departed and sought his room in a quiet little hotel it was with a feeling that his footsteps were dogged by a shadow whom he could not see, try as he might. The streets at that hour were deserted and Williams, walking in the middle of the thorofare lest in some dark doorway or alley Thornton might be lying in wait for him, felt a nervous desire to keep looking back over his shoulder. He yielded several times, throwing his head around with a suddenness which must have been too quick to have permitted any one following him to escape detection. But only the bare pavement, vaguely lighted by corner lamps, rewarded him. Yet he had a dim feeling that unseen eyes were watching his every movement, that a presence was near, watching and waiting for the moment when he should relax that eternal vigilance of which he had boasted.

At the hotel he traversed the hall which led to his room cautiously, approaching interesting hallways with laggard steps and peeping around the corners before he crossed. He threw open the door of his room and felt for the electric push button on the wall beside the jamb with one hand while with the other he kept the muzzle of the automatic pointed within until he had found the button and flooded the room with light. A quick survey of it convinced him that no one was in sight but, after he had closed the door, and locked it, he still kept the weapon ready for action.

Then, inwardly chuckling at himself for doing it, he dropped to his knees, with his back against the wall and inspected the floor under his bed. The clothes closet, the dressing-room and his bath came in for similar scrutiny and he had pulled the shades before he laid the weapon aside and began to undress. It was unlikely that Thornton knew where he lived but he easily might have ascertained and Williams' mental conception of the young man had convinced him that Thornton was not the kind to let grass grow under his feet.

When Williams was ready for bed he placed a water pitcher in one window and a bowl in the other, it being his custom to leave them open for ventilation. If any one should attempt to enter while he slept the intruder could not very well do so without making an alarming clatter if he chose the windows. The windows of the bathroom and the dressing-room Williams locked. Under the knob of his door he put the back of a chair. Then, having satisfied himself that he was safe, he turned out the lights and soon was asleep.

By day he was equally careful to give Thornton no opportunity to catch him unawares. He avoided the restaurants where he habitually ate and patronized others, changing them every meal and sitting at corner tables with his back against the wall and his eyes constantly roving here and there in search of the tall, athletic figure of his opponent in this strange game.

This much was repeated daily. But there were diversions. Once, coming into the hotel earlier than was his custom, he was informed by the clerk that a tall individual with a good growth of whiskers had inquired for him and had been most solicitous as to the hour when he might be expected to appear.

"Thornton," said Williams to himself, "and in disguise."

Thereafter he kept a particularly suspicious eye upon bewhiskered men who were tall and it was not until weeks later that he learned that his caller had been an old-time pal who had been passing thru and had sought to see him between trains.

Again Williams became aware that a certain taxi driver was unusually persistent in seeking to inveigle him into his car and the driver at once was put down as being in Thornton's pay to decoy Williams into a trap. When the old gambler discovered the taxi driver and his car standing in front of the hotel a day or two later when Williams reached it in the small hours of the morning he was certain that he had guessed right and thwarted Thornton because the next day the taxi man saw him go by and paid him not the slightest bit of attention.

One night the telephone in the pseudo cigar store which masked his gambling-house rang and he answered over the extension in his cubby hole of an office in the basement. It was a strange masculine voice which asked for an appointment and named a dark corner of the park as the meeting place within an hour.

"That's pretty raw, old man," replied Williams. "I'm not falling for anything like that," and he hung up the receiver. Later he discovered that his caller was a friendly policeman who wanted to tell him of a prospected raid and mentally damned himself for being such a fool as to think that Thornton would try any such crude trick as luring him to the park for the purpose of relieving him of the ten thousand dollars.

As day after day and night after night passed and still he was not called upon to defend the envelope in his breast Williams became puzzled. Of Thornton he had not seen so much as a hair of his head. He promptly redoubled his watchfulness. If Thornton thought to lull him into relaxing his guard for an instant he was going to be badly fooled, the gambler decided. The nearer the end of their game approached the more chary he became.

"He will surely make an attempt today," he told himself every morning and every day passed and still the envelope, now soiled and wearing about the edges, reposed safely in his pocket with its valuable inclosure untouched.

BUT was it there? Williams had a panicky moment on the last night when the thought crossed his mind that perhaps Thornton had made the attempt and had succeeded and that without letting his victim discover it. With hands that quivered the old gambler tore open the envelope and thumbed the greenbacks within. No, the money was still there.

Dick Williams found all this a tonic to his jaded system. Trying to outguess Thornton had whetted his brain, growing laggard for lack of the necessity of keen thinking. And with his brain working rapidly again his body, too, began to regain the vigor which had been seeping away because he had no occasion for rapid movement and the blood which was becoming sluggish in his veins pulsed again in its old-time way.

He was almost sorry that Thornton was apparently doomed to lose. It had been worth ten thousand dollars merely to have played the game. He hadn't been so thrilled since that day long before when a certain bad man in one of the tough towns out on the edge of the cow country had elected to initiate the same kind of a game with Williams because of a fancied affront. Only then the stake had not been money, but life and each of them had not found a clash convenient up to the time, several weeks later, when the bad man quit the game suddenly by way of a bullet from the weapon of a meek-looking little man whom the desperado had mistaken for a tenderfoot.

Williams had always regretted the bad man's untimely decease because it had put an end to their little contest and he wondered if the bad man, too, had not found it interesting and had passed up chances to fulfill his threat of "getting" Williams for the sake of playing it awhile longer.

The week lacked but fifteen minutes of being up and still Williams had not seen Thornton. The old gambler had ordered his usual lunch in his little office and was seated in his favorite chair, eyes fastened to the little clock ticking away on his desk when there came a rap at the door. It was Thornton.

He came in jauntily, tossed his hat

(Concluded on Page 22.)


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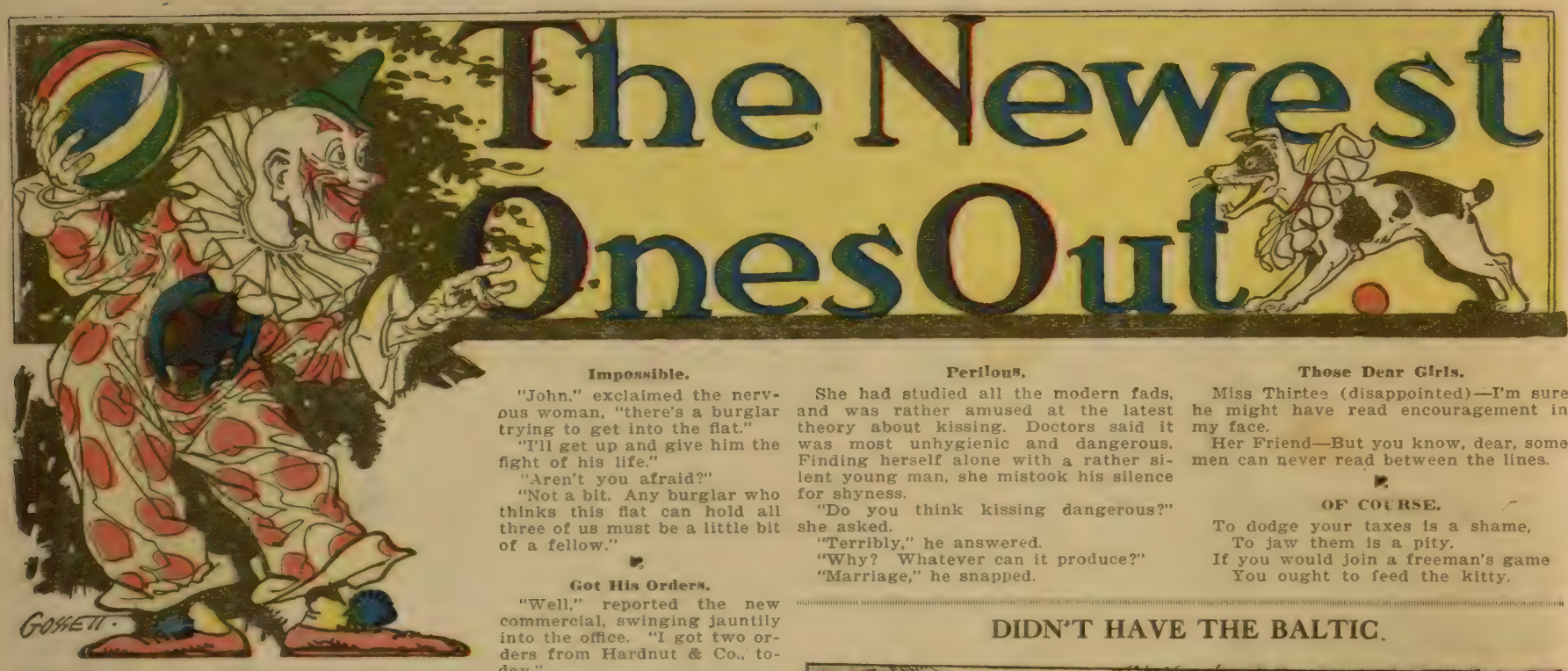


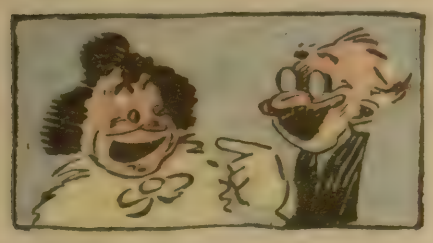

## HE KNEW HIM

"WHO wrote 'Hamlet'?" asked the teacher.

"Please, sir, I didn't do it," said the boy.

Later the teacher met the lad's father and told him, laughingly, of what the pupil had said. Now, the father never had troubled about education himself, being content with profiteering, and he knew his son's mischievous habits. So he winked at the teacher and replied: "Little bounder! I'll bet my boots he did write it."

### Heavenly Strains.



His Wife—I'm so glad we've at last come into a little money, 'cause, after all, money talks.

Mr. Everbroke—Money talks? Old girl, it sings.

**Hard to Believe.**

"I once had a home," said the vagrant, pathetically. "That was a year ago. I couldn't get on with my wife. I was in hot water all the time."

The woman looked at the travel-stained face and hands. "Did you say only a year ago?" she asked.

**Moved Her to Tears.**

He—Let's go to the vaudeville show and have a good laugh.

She—No. I want to enjoy myself. Let's go to the movies and have a good cry.

**SHE WAS.**

When pretty baby wore long clothes,
The friends all said: "Some baby!"
When she grew up and wore short clothes,
They yelled again, "SOME BABY!"

## SOLID IVORY

**Impossible.**

"John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "there's a burglar trying to get into the flat."

"I'll get up and give him the fight of his life."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Not a bit. Any burglar who thinks this flat can hold all three of us must be a little bit of a fellow."

**Got His Orders.**

"Well," reported the new commercial, swinging jauntily into the office. "I got two orders from Hardnut & Co., today."

"Fine, fine!" exclaimed the manager, enthusiastically.

"Yes. One to get out and the other to stay out."

**Date Certified.**

The mother took her baby to be christened. The clergyman, who knew her personally, dipped his pen in the ink and prepared to fill the necessary papers.

When he came to the space reserved for the date he said, genially. "Let me see—this is the eighth, isn't it?"

"Certainly not!" said the indignant mother. "We've only been married three years."

**Cause Enough.**

Mistress (indignantly)—Jane, whatever did you mean by wearing my new evening dress at the dance last night? Really, you ought to have been ashamed of yourself!

Jane—I was ma'am; you never heard such remarks as they made.

**To Match His Purse.**

Sam—Dis heah am de solitaire ring Ah'm goin' to gib mah girl.

Rastus—Dat am no solitaire. Solitaire means only one diamond.

Sam—Not wif me it don't. It means only one dollah.

**EN CASSEROLE.**

What could be more democratic
Than a marriage morganatic?
Royalty must have its fling
With some chicken a la king!

## OF COURSE NOT

A RURAL minister was bothered by the postman not only reading his postcards, but communicating their information to others. One day he wrote a postcard to a medical friend who lived at the other end of the village. It read: "I would tell you more only I know the postman will read it." Then he put the card in the letter box, whence it was collected, and taken to the postoffice and sent out for delivery.

The postman stamped into the doctor's office with the card, threw it on the table, and exclaimed angrily, "He's a liar! I don't read 'em."

**Think It Over.**

An eminent French doctor declares that love is a disease of the emotions. Not being cynics, we should describe marriage as a long and pleasant convalescence.—London Opinion.

Isn't that slightly cynical tho, cousin?

**This Cook's a Cuckoo.**

Mistress—Bridget, what ails the cuckoo clock? I haven't heard it lately.

Biddy—Well, mum, there do be a strange cat around the kitchen an' likely the pore bur-rd is afeard to come out.

**Dad's Idea.**

She sang quite prettily, but her favored song was called "Falling Dew," and her father couldn't stand it. He said it reminded him of the rent.

**Elevated Thoughts.**

See by the papers a fresh guy kissed his girl right under her chaperon's nose. It would have been better to have kissed her right under her own.

**Sudden Affliction.**

"Madge wants more diamonds, but her husband won't hear of it."

"Stone deaf, eh?"

**Perilous.**

She had studied all the modern fads, and was rather amused at the latest theory about kissing. Doctors said it was most unhygienic and dangerous. Finding herself alone with a rather silent young man, she mistook his silence for shyness.

"Do you think kissing dangerous?" she asked.

"Terribly," he answered.

"Why? Whatever can it produce?"

"Marriage," he snapped.

**Those Dear Girls.**

Miss Thirtee (disappointed)—I'm sure he might have read encouragement in my face.

Her Friend—But you know, dear, some men can never read between the lines.

**OF COURSE.**

To dodge your taxes is a shame,
To jaw them is a pity.
If you would join a freeman's game
You ought to feed the kitty.

## DIDN'T HAVE THE BALTIC.

Teacher—(In snarling voice)—Where is the Baltic?
Pupil—Please, sir, I ain't got it.

**Sincere Sympathy.**

"I am sorry to have to tell you," said the lawyer, "that I have been able to get only $450 damages from the owners of the truck that wrecked your car."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to be satisfied. In fact, I didn't expect any more. So, please don't be sorry."

"I can't help it. I have a heart. My fee will be $500."

**The Limit.**

Charlie—I say, your friend McSmith is very absent-minded.

Ben—Is that so?

Charlie—Yes. The other evening after the storm he put his umbrella to bed and stood himself in a corner to drip.

**Lacks the Price.**

"Your friend needs a haircut. Is he a poet?"

"No. In his case long hair simply means a short purse."

**No Circumstantial Evidence.**

Johnny (as he spreads the jam on the baby's face)—I'm sorry I have to do this, but I can't have suspicion pointing its finger at me.

**Heavens!**

Ella—What was your experience on your first airship ride?

Stella—It took me right off my feet.

**His Remedy.**

"The population of China is immense," said the schoolmaster. "Every time we take a breath a Chinaman dies." He noticed a small boy, very red in the face, and panting. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"Killing Chinamen, sir. I hate 'em."

**Oh, What's the Use!**

The Purist—It's simply maddening to hear a person say "ain't" when he should have said "isn't."

The Other—Ain't it, tho?"

### Was a Fact.

"Since you began to give your daughters a musical education I've heard you think yourselves the only people in the block."

"But we really are—all the others have moved."

# The Red Death

(Continued From Page 3)

carry enough gasoline for the double trip, and we're sure to find more on new wrecks that have drifted in. I've thought it all out. We can do the whole thing and be back in New York in a month. The A. and A. will save our jobs for us. Say, will you go?"

"Go? Of course I'll go. Just give me a day to see my architect and have him run me up a new safe deposit building to put my shekels in when I get back. Then I'll mount my fiery airplane and—say, Tom, where in thunder do we get the fiery airplane? Steal it?"

"No, you chump. We'll buy it."

Joe turned out his pocket. "Of course," he agreed. "How stupid of me. Er—ahem—the fact is that I invested my last week's earnings in a jazz palace and a cigarette factory and a rope of pearls for Birdie Bowler, the belle of the boarding-house, and so I fear I'll have to wait till next payday. You don't mind waiting, do you?"

"I'll furnish the money."

Joe sat straight up. "Say, are you in earnest, Tom Maddox?" he demanded.

"I'm in dead earnest, Joe Scott," replied the other. "I've been crazy to get into that sea off and on ever since I was 8 years old. But I forgot it of late years until that book of yours reminded me. I've got a thousand dollars that poor dad left me when he died, and I think we can do it on that. You know that old 1914 model plane in the shop? No one will buy it, and the boss said yesterday he was going to break it up and use the material. I'll bet he'll sell it to us cheap, and you know that it's good. If he'll sell it cheap enough, I'm going to buy it and take it to Porto Rico and fly to the Sargasso, if I die for it. If you'll go with me, we'll go halves on what we get. If you won't, I'll go alone."

Joe sprang to his feet and thrust out his hand. "Go?" he cried. "Go? I wouldn't miss it for a year of inglorious ease. Sure I'll go. But we won't go halves. We'll go thirds—one to you, one to me, and one to the owner of the money. Put it there, old man."

II.

TEN days afterward in the early dawn, the rebuilt airplane flew up from the beach near San Juan, curved around, and pointed swiftly northward, heading for the unknown.

Looked at coolly, the trip was madness—as mad as Columbus' voyage across the western ocean. But seen thru the heated imagination of youth, it was a glorious adventure. Joe put the thing in a nutshell. Said he:

"Nothin' can happen to us. We're the heroes of this here story. And nothin' ever happens to the heroes—nothin' permanent, I mean. Course a hero's got to have troubles or he wouldn't be a hero. But he always smashes the villain, or rescues the girl in the last chapter. Say, Tom, where are the girls coming from?"

The plane was flying swiftly and well. The strong, steady pressure of the tradewind was behind it, driving it on. Below, the sea sparkled as the level rays of the rising sun caught the spray flung by the white-capped wavelets. Now and then a seagull screamed by, wondering at the strange new bird that had invaded its realms.

Tom glanced at the indicator by his side before he answered. "Fifty miles an hour," he cried, gleefully. "We'll be there in two hours if all goes well. Girls, did you say? Oh! We'll find them waiting for us, I guess. For my part, I can do without them all right."

"Without them? Ain't you got any romance about you at all, Tom Maddox?"

An hour later wide patches of weed appeared as yellow splotches floating on the blue water. Larger and larger and more plentiful they grew, until at last they coalesced in a mantle broken only by thin and tangled threads of water.

Wreckage, too, began to appear—spars draped with remnants of canvas, a deserted skiff, a dismantled schooner floating nearly awash, an empty raft. A little later the first important-looking wreck came in sight.

Tom swerved slightly to the right so as to pass directly above it. It was a large steamer, with a great gash in its side, evidently made by the bow of some other vessel that had cloven its way deep into its vitals.

"Kept afloat by its compartments," explained Tom. "Inward bound for the wreck mass. It can't be much further now."

Nor was it. Half an hour later, Joe caught sight of a patch of white projecting upward from the horizon, notching the skyline. Soon a dozen other points jagged up. Momently they enlarged, until the low-lying wrecks beneath them rose into view above the earth's curvature.

To right, to left, in number uncountable, in a great arch that filled the horizon, the wrecks stretched away. Their masts and funnels made a forest, their hulls an island. Above them flapped streamers of canvas, whipped by the wind into tatters. All about screamed the sea-birds.

Awestruck, the youth gazed. Tom slowed to the least pace that would keep their plane aloft, and flew in great circles above the pack.

"Gee!" gasped Joe. "There must be millions!"

"Thousands, anyhow," answered Tom. "Thousands and thousands. Good Lord! I never really believed it till now. And now I've seen it! I've seen it!" With bulging eyes he stared.

Joe was recovering a little from his stupefaction. "Say, Tom," he exclaimed, "look over yonder." He pointed to the east. "What makes that red spot over there? It isn't red anywhere else."

"Red? Oh, I don't know. Maybe some weeds. Maybe the reaction of the sun. Get ready. I'm going to light."

To enable the plane to alight under the conditions it would probably have to meet, it had been built above a light canoe-shaped body, really an old eight-oared racing shell, fitted with an outrigger on either side. On smooth water or on a smooth bed of weed it would alight easily and balance perfectly, with little risk of wetting the delicate machinery. Tom's only problem was to select one of the ships at the water edge of the wreck mass and drop upon the weed as close to it as possible.

"Going to light?" Joe protested. "Oh, wait a minute. Let's run over and look at that red spot first. Maybe it's that red death your man was talking about."

Tom glanced toward the spot. "Oh, all right," he agreed slowly. "Might as well, I guess, tho I hate to use gasoline. By George, look yonder. Great Heavens, Joe! There are your heroines—two of them."

Joe's eyes followed Tom's, and paused, popping. On the steep, sloping deck of a large steamer at the end of a sort of tongue or cape projecting from the wreck mass stood two figures, indubitably feminine, wildly waving huge streamers of white. The sound of their screams rose to the young men's ears.

Forgetting the spot of red, Tom pressed a lever, and the plane came round in a great curve, heading for the steamer. Soon, obedient to another touch, it dipped downward on the slant of air, driving toward the weedy surface that seemed to rise to meet it. At the last instant, Tom reversed the rudders. The canoe zip-zipped along the top of the weed, caught, and settled smoothly directly above the submerged bows of the steamer.

Then he stood up and took off his cap. "Good morning, ladies," he called. "I'm glad to meet you."

On the hurricane-deck of the steamer, scarcely a hundred yards away, the women clung to each other weeping. It needed no second look to see that they were hysterical with joy. As Tom Maddox stood up, they dropped upon their knees.

"Oh! Thank God! Thank God!" they sobbed, as tho they would never stop.

But they soon recovered. Joys overwhelm for the moment, but they soon become a matter of course. By the time the two youths had dragged the plane up to the slanting deck and made it fast, the women were ready to meet them with reasonable composure.

Tom introduced himself. "I'm Tom Maddox," he announced, "and this is Joe Scott. We're from New York."

The women's faces lit up with tremulous smiles.

"I'm Mrs. Carter of Chicago," answered the elder, holding out her hand. "And this is Miss Price of Dublin. And oh! we're so glad to see you."

"Mrs!" Tom Maddox felt unaccountably taken aback by the word. The woman who spoke it was so young and so pretty that—but he pushed the foolish feeling aside, and returned the greeting warmly. "No gladder than we are to see you," he declared gallantly.

Joe broke in. "You ain't alone here, are you, Miss Price?" he inquired awkwardly.

Kate Price flashed a look at him—a born coquette was Kate Price, with her fair hair and Irish-blue eyes. "Not since you and your friend have come, belike," she answered, saucily. "Oh, the dear God knows how welcome you are!"

"We've been alone for two years," explained Mrs. Carter. "We were three months passing thru that horrible weed, and since then we have been here. We haven't suffered physically—that is, we've had plenty to eat and drink and wear and all that, and I don't think I ever was in better health in my life, but—but—oh! the loneliness, the loneliness. But come in—or rather, up—and sit down."

III.

THE four climbed the sloping deck to where a companionway led down into what had been the main saloon of the steamer. There they sat down, and questions and answers flew thick and fast.

It appeared that the two women had left Liverpool on the Curtonic for New York two years before. On the fifth night out the steamer rammed an iceberg; the captain was killed, and the ship was reported sinking. Several boats got away, but the sea was rough and most of them were swamped. In consequence, a dozen or more passengers, including the two women, had refused to leave the ship on the last boat.

When morning dawned the two women found themselves alone. What had become of the others who had remained on board they did not know, altho they believed that some of them had tried to escape in a raft.

"None of them came to land," interpolated Maddox. "I remember the case. The Curtonic simply disappeared, and was never heard of again."

"Oh, the poor people! The poor people! And I have been envying them all these months. When can we start for home, Mr. Maddox?"

Maddox's face clouded a little. "That's what we've got to consider," he hesitated. "It isn't altogether easy, you know. The plane won't carry but two, and——"

"Oh!" Katie Price clasped her hands. She had not been nurtured under American conditions, and was not quite sure what Maddox was coming to. "You won't leave us?" she cried.

'Leave you? Well, I guess nit," burst out Joe, and paused, blushing.

Maddox smiled. "Of course not," he assured her. "But we've got to consider ways and means. Of course, I could take you to Porto Rico one after the other, but that would mean three round trips, and our crude machine might not be equal to such a task. I guess Joe and I will have to build another one."

"But—but can you?"

"Sure. Building airplanes is our trade. We're both good mechanics, and all these big steamers have regular machine shops on board. There's sure to be lots of raw material handy, and maybe we can find an engine ready built that we can make do. Dad used to command a small steamer, and I know she had forty-two separate engines on board. I guess these big fellows have twice as many. It'll go hard if we can't build a first-rate flier in a week or ten days. Then, of course, we must find some gasoline—which we probably will after a time. And, last, we've got to collect some treasure if there's any here. We came on a treasure hunt, you know. I know you must be crazy to get away, but I don't see how we can do it under two weeks, and maybe more. It depends a little on the weather, too."

Mrs. Carter nodded. "I understand,"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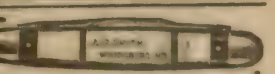

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she answered. "Of course, we don't want to hurry you after you've come so far. I'm afraid we're going to give you a good deal of trouble as it is."

The woman's voice was soft and sweet. She looked very young; Maddox wondered more than ever how she could be married.

"Oh, it's no trouble at all," he protested. "Joe and I are only too glad to help you. I was just saying——"

But Katie broke in. "Nellie," she exclaimed, "do you know what Mr. Scott has been after telling me? Neither of the two of them has had a bite or sup since sunrise. Oh, the poor starving lads! Sorra a word more shall they say till they've had something to eat." She plunged into the recess of the ship.

Mrs. Carter rose as promptly. "I forgot, too," she apologized. "Katie and I will get lunch right away. Meanwhile, perhaps you would like to look around the ship. No, you can't help. Go and look around. There's plenty to see."

Left alone, the two young men stared at each other.

"Say! she's a looker all right, ain't she?" burst out Joe. "She can have me any weekday. I'm her'n for keeps. Here's where I shake Belle Bowler, the belle of the boarding-house."

Tom shook his head mournfully. "She's mighty good-looking," he admitted. "And she's the right sort, too. Anybody can see that. It's a pity she's married."

"Married your grandmother! Who said she was married."

"Why, she did. Didn't you hear her? She said she was Mrs. Carter."

A slow grin spread over Joe's face. "Aw, say! Come off!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't talking about Mrs. Carter. I was—well, I ain't goin' to build a safe deposit vault to keep my share of the treasure in. I'm going to take it and—well, never you mind! You'll see."

The color that had risen to Tom's cheeks slowly faded. "We won't see anything if we waste time here," he interjected. "Come on! Let's look over the engines."

When the thunder of the ship's gong called the young men to lunch, they had learned a good deal about the Curtonic.

"She's got a bully good machine shop," announced Tom, "just as I supposed she would have. And she's got lots of engine parts and hardware that will do fine to build another plane.

"But she doesn't seem to have any gasoline. Funny, too, got liquid-fuel engines, and one tank full of oil; the others have wasted. So the first thing we've got to do is to hunt for gasoline; incidentally, we'll collect what money we can find. You know"—he turned to Mrs. Carter—"you know Joe and I have only what we make. My father left me a thousand dollars when he died, and I spent it to get down here. Unless we find more or less money on these wrecks we won't even have our fare back to New York."

"But—but doesn't the money on these ships belong to other people?"

"It did. But it don't! It's abandoned, and the law gives it to the salvors. I'm not certain, but I think about 10 per cent has to be paid over to the former owners, but that's all. Joe and I will pay that all right. But the rest is ours. Now we must get to work."

IV.

THEN began the golden time on the Curtonic—days rich and mellow, filled with sunshine and bright with the glitter of gold and the delight of gathering treasure; nights cool and glorious, when the star-dusted sky stretched overhead in a vast vault across which the planets reeled; almost one could imagine them roaring along their way. Alongside, the weed-deadened waters lapped gently, lullabylike. All about rose the faint, mysterious creaking of rigging and the slapping of sails no more to ride the blue.

And love sat throned on the Curtonic. Clean, honest young Americans, the two youths had known little of women, and nothing at all of women such as these.

Joe had fallen hopelessly in love at first sight; before he had been on the Curtonic forty-eight hours he had proposed to Miss Price twice, and he kept it up religiously every day after that. But with little result. With a skill that must have been inherited, since it could by no means have been learned in her brief life, the girl parried all his advances. Joe, however, did not seem to mind. It was evident that he really enjoyed the situation.

Tom Maddox, on the other hand, talked with Mrs. Carter on every subject except love. Love he religiously avoided. Yet no one could doubt that he too had suffered from the blind god's arrow. Honor alone held him dumb.

And gold for the taking lay on every hand. Every ship had its store—some large, some small.

In their wildest dreams the youths had never hoped for such wealth as now lay at their disposal. From the first they scorned silver, and soon they passed gold unheedingly; it was too heavy to carry away. Toward the end Joe declared that he was afraid they would have to throw away the smaller bills and specialize on twenties and larger.

Some vessels lay low in the water with the decks awash and could not be explored; these, however, were mostly sailing ships, little likely to carry much cash. Others floated high; these were mostly iron vessels kept afloat by their compartments; naturally, they were larger and more valuable ships, and many of them yielded good returns when their money-chests were examined.

Richest of all were the large passenger-steamers, half a dozen of which lay within reach. From the safe of a single one of these (wrecked twenty years before) Tom and Joe took over one hundred thousand dollars in cash, besides valuable jewels that had evidently been confided to the purser for safe-keeping.

So much treasure did they find that the discovery, after five days' search, of a hundred gallons of gasoline in the paint shop of a big steamer aroused far more enthusiasm than the finding of a million dollars in gold would have done. The young men spent the rest of the day in packing the gasoline to the Curtonic, and the next day went soberly to work to build their new plane.

The new machine progressed with surprising speed, despite the fact that the young men took things easily. They were very comfortable and, except for the sake of the young women, there seemed no special need for speed. So they spent much time roaming about the strange new continent on which they found themselves.

From ship to ship they wandered, finding many things to amuse and interest.

One afternoon they had penetrated farther into the wreck mass than they had ever gone before. Barely they could descry the masts of the Curtonic far behind them. It was growing late, and Tom was anxious to start back. Joe, however, had found a telescope, and was searching the horizon with it, pleased as a child with a new toy. Finally his hand steadied.

"There's that queer red spot again," he cried. "Say, Tom, let's go see what it is. Maybe it is that red death thing."

Tom looked up. "Red spot!" he snorted. "We've got a lot of time to go chasing red spots, haven't we? That place is two miles away if it's an inch. That means a good three hours' trip going and coming over these wrecks. And if it is the red death. I don't want to find it. Let's get home. I'm hungry."

Joe grinned. "All right," he said. "Let's look at this big steamer above us first, and then we'll go. Come along." He caught the overhanging shrouds and began to climb up them.

Tom followed. When he gained the deck he saw that the ship must have been thru a terrific storm. Masts, rigging, funnels, etc., had all been carried away. All the hatchways but one were battened down, but this one was open, with its covering lying loosely beside it on the deck. Joe stepped over it unheeding, but Tom stopped, staring amazedly.

"Hold on, Joe," he exclaimed, as the other was about to run down the stairway. "Look at this hatch-cover."

Joe paused. "Well, I see it," he answered indifferently. "What's the answer?"

"I wish I knew. This ship has been thru a storm that has swept away rail and funnels and deck-houses—everything—and yet this wooden hatch-cover lies loose on her deck. Why didn't it go, too?"

Joe scratched his head. "'Tis queer," he agreed.

"Queer? It's more than queer. It's impossible. This ship has been here for months, perhaps years. And that hatch-cover has been taken off since it came in."

"Eh! Oh, you Robinson Crusoe! The footprint in the sand and the hatch-cover on the deck. It must be the villains, or the natives, or something. Maybe they're skulking below ready to burn us at the stake. I'll go see."

Recklessly he plunged down the stair, followed by Tom, laughing.

But in the captain's cabin both lads grew grave enough. On the table, amid remnants of half-burned cigars, stood a score of bottles. All of them were open, and one of them was a quarter full of whisky.

Silently the two young fellows looked at each other. "Somebody's been here within—within a week or two," said Tom at last. "That whisky would have evaporated otherwise. There are other people alive here. Where are they?"

Joe groaned. "Search me!" he declared. "I ain't so darned certain I want to find them, anyway. I don't want to spend my life building airplanes. I ain't any universal rescuer. Besides, they may be villains."

"Nonsense! We've got to try to find them."

"Why have we? They're the villains of the show, all right. We've got the heroes and heroines already, and there ain't any vacancies in the cast except for villains. And we've got troubles enough now. Don't let's hunt for more!"

But Tom shook his head. "You don't mean that, Joe," he said. "We'll be cautious, of course, and think before we do anything, but we can't go away and leave people here on these desolate wrecks without giving them at least a word of hope. Come, let's go back and tell the girls, and see what they think about it."

V.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, all four of the party were on deck. Tom and Mrs. Carter were perched on the taffrail watching the sun set behind the tangled cordage, while Joe and Katie Price, barefooted, the one with rolled-up trousers, and the other with kilted skirts, were engaged in washing down the sloping decks with the big ship's hose, shouting like two children as they did so.

The discovery that there were other castaways on the wreck mass had naturally excited the girls tremendously; long had been the talk, and many the plans suggested for finding them. But the hopelessness of any plan that involved searching the wrecks on foot was evident, and finally Joe had jumped up.

"I'm dead sure these are the villains," he declared, "and even if they ain't, they might try to take our planes. So I say, let's wait till we finish that new machine and are ready to light out. Then we'll fly about a little and see if we can locate them. If we do, we can call to them that we'll come back for them later, but we want to keep out of their reach till we're sure they're good Sunday-school, church-going people. Them's my sentiments. Come on, Miss Pricé, and I'll help you hose down that deck."

Katie jumped up gleefully, and the two raced for the big fire-hose, which was connected with the main boiler of the ship.

Tom had needed power for part of his work that forenoon, and to get it had heated the main boiler—a thing very easily done, as the engine used oil for fuel and was fitted with an automatic feed. Steam was still up and the hose ready for use.

As the two went, Tom called after them. "Be careful," he cautioned. "That hose has got big power behind it. If you hit anybody with the stream of water, you might hurt them bad."

"Hurt anybody? With water? Sure it's joking you are," declared Miss Price.

"Nary joke. That stream's got steam behind it. So be mighty careful."

"Oh, all right!"

Tom and Mrs. Carter had retreated up the deck out of harm's way and, perching upon the taff-rail, watched the other two making merry. As he gazed at them, Tom sighed—for probably the first time in his life.

"Take it all in all, it's mighty pretty here," he said slowly. "I don't know when I've enjoyed anything as much as I have these two weeks. I'll be sorry to go, and I mean to come back some day."

"To get more money?" Mrs. Carter's tones were sarcastic.

But Tom did not blush. "Yes, I guess so," he answered. "Money's a good thing, and when it's lying around loose, I should be an idiot not to pick it up. But I won't come back for money only. I'll come——"

"Say, Tom!" Joe was calling.

"Well?" Perhaps Tom was glad of the interruption, perhaps he was not. It is hard to tell. "Well?" he repeated.

"Look over there, to the west. There's


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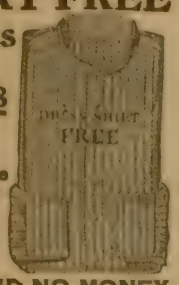


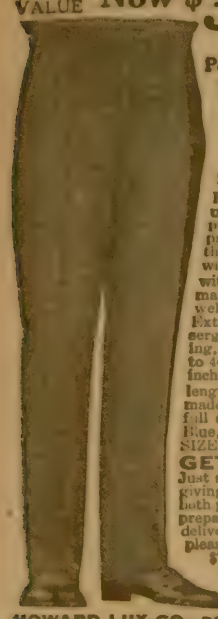

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that red flush again. It's broadened out now. What in thunder d'ye s'pose it is?"

Tom looked. "I don't know. It's curious. Did you ever see it before, Mrs. Carter?"

Mrs. Carter was gazing westward. She shook her head. "No." She hesitated. "No, I never did. It's very queer. It can't be the sun's rays, or it would show on the near masts as well as the far ones."

The phenomenon was certainly curious. Thru the near-at-hand tangle of masts and shrouds and funnels that crisscrossed the horizon, the gazers caught glimpses of a more distant tangle that shone scarlet in the dying sunlight—a shimmering scarlet such as might be reflected from flowing water.

"It wasn't there last night." Katie Price shut off the water, laid down the hose, and came up to the others. "It's looking at that very spot I was, and it wasn't there."

"We saw the same thing the day we came," explained Maddox, "and we saw it again yesterday. But it seems a good deal bigger and nearer now. It's stretching half-way across the base of the tongue of ships were on. Trying to cut us off, maybe. But I guess it won't hurt us any. There, it's dying out."

"Because the sun's set. We'll look for it tomorrow. In fact, I'll go over tomorrow and see whether it really is any thing, if I can get time."

"Ahoy, there!"

The challenge came from behind with startling abruptness. Both girls uttered faint shrieks, and both youths whirled around with startled exclamations.

As they did so, four men climbed over the rail and dropped down on the rock opposite them. Evil-faced, piratical-looking fellows they were, with leering eyes and drink-flushed faces. Laughing consumedly, they came slouching forward.

"Well, if it ain't some girls," hiccupped one. "Say, how long you girls been here?" he demanded.

The girls shrank back and Tom and Joe stepped forward to bar nearer approach. "Got your pistol, Joe?" queried Tom, sotto voice. "I left mine below."

Me too. But buck up. Buck up. Remember we're the heroes. The villains can't do anything, really." He pressed forward. "About two years," he answered aloud. "How long have you?"

The spokesman turned to his companions. "'Bout two years, he says, boys. Think o' it. These two loverly ladies been here two years, an' we ain't never knowed it. Ladies, yo' mos' obedient! I 'sure you we never knowed you was here. If we had, the whole gang would ha' been over."

"The whole gang? What do you mean? Where is the gang?"

The leader raised his hand with drunken impressment.

"You keep still, young feller," he ordered, "or you're liable to get hurt. Gang lives 'bout twenty miles away, ladies. Too late to go there tonight. But we'll take you tomorrow. Now,"—he turned on Joe and Tom—"now you boys git. Loverly ladies don't wan' you no more, now they got men. You git! Git!" He drew a pistol, wagged it at the lads, and advanced, followed by his mates.

Joe and Tom drew together, ready to fight till the last. Unarmed and outnumbered, the struggle seemed hopeless, but they would do their best. "Stand back," ordered Tom. "Stand back."

"Swish!" A stream from the great nozzle shot over Joe's shoulder and took the leading ruffian fairly in the middle, knocking him over like a ten-pin. His pistol clattered on the deck, and like a cat Tom pounded upon it. But he did not need it.

Katie Price had the hose in her hands, and well she played it. Before Tom could straighten up, the stream of water, as rigid almost as an iron bar, had bowled over another man. The other two saw it coming toward them, and tried to run. One it caught in the back just as he poised on the rail, and flung him clear overboard. The fourth escaped; they saw him scrambling away across the ships.

By this time the other two were up again, striving desperately to escape, but the water pursued them, beating them down until, reeling, they gained the rail and fairly tumbled over it upon the deck of the next ship, from which they fled.

Then Katie Price dropped the hose and sat down and laughed and cried alternately.

Joe gazed at her reproachfully. "Say," he declared, "this ain't according to Hoyle a little bit. It's the hero's part to do the fighting stunts. All the heroine's got to do is to cling."

After a while the first excited chatter died away, and a grave silence fell. Then Mrs. Carter looked up.

"They'll come back," she declared abruptly.

No one denied it. No one could deny it. The ruffians surely would come back, probably with the rest of their gang. How numerous this might be no one could guess. Anything was possible.

Joe alone took the matter lightly. "I'm going back to New York," he declared. "I thought this neck of woods was real retired and exclusive, but if all these undesirable people are goin' to crowd in, I'm goin' to move back to New York. A fellow can be alone there if he wants to."

His persiflage struck no answering spark.

"That fellow said the gang was twenty miles away," meditated Tom. "If he spoke the truth they can't get here tonight. Still, we won't wait. Joe, will you connect up the dynamos while I string some wires?"

"What are you going to do?" It was Katie Price that asked the question, for Joe had promptly disappeared.

Tom paused for an instant before he followed. "I'm going to rig up two circles of wires about the ship before it gets too dark to see. The outer will be a sort of burglar alarm. It'll ring a bell here if anybody stumbles over it. The minute it does, I'll switch the full current of the dynamos into the inner circuit, and if anybody gets into that—well, he'd better make his will before he does it, that's all."

Barely an hour of daylight was left, but before the last rays failed the wires were strung.

But Tom and Joe worked nearly all night long on their new plane. They knew that they had no time to lose.

### VI.

THE next day passed in almost continuous labor, and the setting sun saw the machine far advanced toward completion.

"Give us fifteen hours more and we'll be done," declared Maddox, red-eyed from the strain, but otherwise showing few signs of fatigue. "I'd like to take a trial flight before we start for Porto Rico, but that isn't absolutely necessary. I can test the thing here on the deck. It's built all right and it will fly all right. I s'pose those devils will come tonight, but we can probably bluff them off for a few hours. And if we can—you won't be afraid to go aloft with me, Mrs. Carter?"

He and she were again on deck, sitting in much the same places as on the previous night. Joe and Katie Price were beyond earshot, engaged in laying out the hose to repel possible boarders.

For a moment Mrs. Carter did not answer, and Tom repeated his question. "You'll trust me, won't you—Nellie?" he asked.

Slowly the woman raised her eyes to his. "I'll trust you—anywhere, Tom," she answered.

Tom's face flushed. With a movement he could not restrain he stretched his arms toward her, but dropped them with a groan. "Yes," he muttered. "You can trust me. You can. I'll swear it!"

The girl nodded. "Yes. I knew it the first time I saw you," she told him, choosing her words carefully. "You have the right sort of eyes. Before he died, my husband used to say——"

But Tom was standing up. "Died? Died?" he shouted. "Are you a widow?"

"Why, of course!" Mrs. Carter opened her eyes wonderingly. "Of course! I have been a widow three years. I thought you knew. I was married at 16. My husband was much older—oh! very much older than I. I married him while he was dying. It was a question of property, you know. He lived only a few hours afterward."

"Then—then——" Tom gasped, and took the plunge. "Then you will trust me—for always? Will you marry me?"

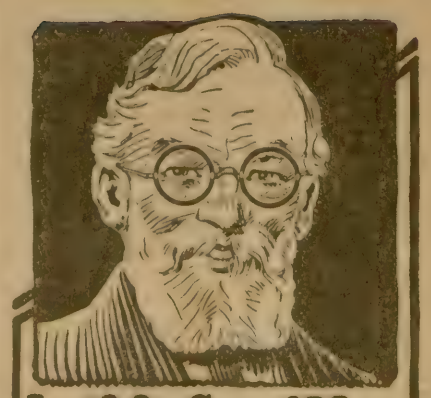
Shyly she smiled up at him. "Of course I will, goosie," she answered.

"Say, you two," Joe was calling, "for the love of Mike, look yonder." He pointed toward the west.

Tom looked, and cold chills ran up and down his back as he did so. The scarlet of the night before again plashed the west, but it had come nearer.

Scarce half a mile of black and white now stretched between the Curtonic and the spot where the red masts rose. The ships from which they sprang were also bathed in the same ensanguined hue. Like streaming blood they glowed in the setting sun, stretching almost across the base of the peninsula of ships at whose apex the Curtonic rested.

"What is it? In heaven's name what is it?" Tom scarcely recognized his own voice. "What is it?" he repeated. "I don't know what it is. But I know that it means that we've got to get out of here. Come, Joe! We'll work, work, work." The two plunged down into the ship, and the clang of their hammers

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resounded over the waste of the dead ships.

It was just midnight when the alarm-bell tinkled. At its sound Maddox dropped his tools and snatched up a megaphone that stood ready. "Call the girls, Joe," he ordered, as he ran up the companionway to the deck.

No moon shone in the sky that night, but the high stars flared like lamps, throwing a silvery radiance over the tracing of masts and cordage. For a moment Tom hesitated, seeing no one. Then he raised the megaphone to his lips.

"Ahoy!" he cried, and again, "Ahoy!"

No answer came. If attackers were there, they made no sign.

"Listen to me," he cried again. "Your coming was expected and prepared for. I have drawn a ring of death around this ship. Live wires carrying ten thousand volts encircle us. You advance another foot at your peril. Be warned."

As he lowered the megaphone Joe and the girls came to his side. "Are they there?" asked Nellie.

A shriek from the gloom, followed by a heavy fall, gave grim answer.

"Somebody's walked into that wire," grated Tom. "They won't try it again tonight. Tomorrow they can get past the wires, but tomorrow we will be gone. If you and Miss Price will watch, Joe and I will go back to work."

All night long the two lads toiled, no further attack came, and before morning the airplane was ready.

In the dim hour that precedes the dawn Maddox started its engine, and listened with the delight of a creator to the smooth and easy clack of its propeller. One after another he tested the levers and valves and proved them true. Then, mounting the driver's seat, he raced down the sloping deck and soared up into the resilient air. Like a great gray moth he flitted out in a wide circle and then swooped back again upon the deck.

Just in time! As he lighted, a wire snapped and the plane toppled sideways.

Half mad with anxiety he sprang to the deck, where Joe stood waiting, and bent over the broken strand. Then he drew a long breath of relief. The damage was slight.

Simultaneously the sun popped above the horizon, and the light sprang up—suddenly, as it always does in the tropics. The dim scene flashed out as a picture may flash on a negative in a dark room. All the details sprang out together—the encircling hulls, the ragged fringes of his sails, the silhouettes of the masts.

The girls, huddled on the upper deck, saw it with straining eyes—saw, too, a group of men blinking in the sudden light on the deck of an iron ship scarce a cable's length away.

At their shriek of warning Tom looked up. "Hold them for five minutes, Joe," he cried. "Talk to them—anything. But hold them!"

As Joe raced up the deck to the side of the girls, the blear-eyed leader of two days before stood out from the group and shook his fist. "We've got you!" he shouted. "Your wires won't save you now that we can see. Come on, boys. Step careful till you get past that there dead line. Then go for 'em."

But Joe flung up his hand. "Stop!" he shrieked. "You fools! You fools! Look behind you! Death is upon you! Look! Look!"

He pointed as he spoke, and the eyes of all followed his finger. Blood-red was the west and the north. Except for a narrow streak of gray along the edge, the entire cape was cut off from the wreck mass by a mantle of scarlet that moved and lived—yes, lived, in the rays of the rising sun. Near it was—scarce a hundred feet behind the attackers its edge ended. Ended? It did not end! It advanced. While Joe and the girls stared, with hair that slowly stiffened on their heads, it swept relentlessly forward, inch by inch, foot by foot.

Then the attackers saw it, and shrieked aloud.

"The red death!" they screamed.

Horror-stricken, the girls clung to Joe. "What is it? What is it?" they sobbed.

"Ants! Red ants! Soldier ants! Millions! Myriads! I've heard of them. They move by armies, killing as they go. Nothing is too great and nothing too small for their jaws. The tiniest vermin and the hugest beast alike fall before them. Flight alone can save!" Joe's voice rattled in his throat as he spoke.

The blear-eyed leader straightened himself. He had some points of leadership, after all. "Look! Look!" he shrieked. "They haven't closed the road yet. Keep close to the water. Keep close to the water. We can pass yet." He pointed to the fringe of black and dingy gray that stretched along the east edge of the red peninsula.

Headlong the men plunged where he pointed. Forgotten utterly was their quarry on the Curtonic. A mightier hunting was afoot. Not one but knew the strength that lay in those tiny myriad jaws. Not one but felt his flesh shrink at the thought.

On! On! The strip of gray was narrowing as the relentless red tide flowed over it, but it was still wide enough for safety. On! On! A shriek of terror came to those who watched from the Courtonic, forgetful of their own danger. The shrieking, hurrying horde had stopped, shrinking back on itself.

"There's a gap in the ships," sobbed Joe. "The way is barred. They can't get across."

Back the fugitives doubled. But it was too late. The red tide had flowed in behind them, barring retreat. Some sprang over the side, seeking burial in the weeds rather than the maws of the red death. Others hesitated. And as they hesitated the end came. With quickened speed, as tho they scented the feast which lay before them, the warrior ants swept forward. For a moment, moving forms of red staggered blindly about, shrieking and blaspheming in agony; then they crashed down and lay silent.

Simultaneously Joe gave a yell. The ants were swarming up the Curtonic, and the first had taken toll of his ankle.

"Quick!" he shrieked. "To the planes!"

Tom's answering call came back. "Ready!" he yelled. "Ready! Ready!"

Down the slanting deck the three tumbled to their places. No time was there for fear of the air; the deadlier peril banished all lesser terrors.

As the edge of the red death touched the machines the propellers whirled, and like two great birds the air-ships soared. Lashed beneath the seats were the two great bales of bank-notes.

* * * * * * * *

Three hours later the four landed at San Juan, and the next steamer northward had as passengers two happy couples. Love, romance, and wealth attended their nuptials, and behind them lay the great treasure-box of the Sargasso Sea, into which they might dip once more whenever they would. For the red death could not devour the gold that remained.

# A Double-headed Conspiracy

(Continued From Page 6.)

of 'Frisco peak in time to wreck a table-load of grub that Mrs. Barber must have been getting together for a week. After resting a couple of hours we started for "The Tank" where we were to sleep out that night so we'd be close to the deer pasture in the morning.

I thought I'd feel at home near the tank, but it proved to be only a drinking trough for the cattle and we were expected to make ourselves comfortable on the ground about a car length from it. A mountain is a fearful thing at night and between bobcats and coyotes my repose didn't functionate. What made it worse was that Speedy went to sleep and snored and Mac kept sitting up ever and anon staring out in the gobs of night as if he saw something.

It seemed to me as if morning must have gone in the ditch. It surely was a day or two behind its schedule when it registered in and I wasn't surprised to note, as the sun came over the mountain, it had a flat wheel. Mac and I wanted to go right out and couple onto a deer, but Speedy held us in the yard until he had a tank of coffee for us and then, with our pockets full of Mrs. Barber's sandwiches, we started out.

We separated, Speedy taking the ridge, Mac going to the left and I to the right and started up the grade toward timber line.

I hadn't gone two hundred yards until I came near getting my first deer. There was nothing to it; if I'd have pulled the trigger of that rifle I'd have dropped that bird! Just when I was in the act of pressing the trigger I opened my eyes again and saved a rabbit's life. The very thought of how near I had come to snuffing out little bunny's life made me weak in the knees and I had to go on the spot for a few minutes rest.

Just as I was ready to continue the hunt, the underbrush off to my left opened and something with horns on its face stuck its head out. It wasn't more than two car lengths from me and my first impulse was to shoot and then I realized that it must be a tame one because it stood and looked at me as if it was lonesome.

"Sook, Boss," I called, and then the stuff was off! It threw up its head and went hence while I sat there on a rock and worked a repeating rifle so fast I was afraid she'd strip herself, shooting in the general direction of heaven and the tame deer tearing thru the brush toward the bottom of the mountain. Five minutes after I got the air pulled on myself I heard one shot below me. That was Speedy's rifle and he doesn't waste ammunition.

That was an interesting beginning. For the next three hours I didn't see anything. Once or twice it was almost impossible to convince myself I didn't, but investigation proved it, and then, just when I had concluded I had seen the only deer living on that mountain, I got in trouble.

I HAD just sneaked from one tree to another and was lamping the right of way ahead when I saw it. There were two big bowlders about two feet apart and not more than seventy yards ahead of me. Beyond those bowlders was something.

A deer, if you see it from the head end, is brownish; from the tail end it's white. This wasn't a deer. It was dark gray, and it was big.

A grizzly bear is a terrible animal when it isn't in a cage, and to be alone with one on a high mountain with only a repeating rifle for your protection, is an occasion that makes brave hearts flutter. A rifle is all good enough, but suppose you don't kill the bear the first shot. Suppose you can only see about a foot and a half of it, between two big bowlders!

My first thought was to return to camp for assistance and more ammunition, since I had only about fifty shells. There were certain reasons, including Mac and Speedy, which made this course of action unattractive. If I went back Mac would have something to say. If I got a real bear then I could do all the talking. I took a chance.

I aimed for about an hour and a half or two hours. I never saw a gun with a trigger as hard to pull as that one! I pulled with all my might three or four times and couldn't get results. Then I had to aim some more and just then the bear moved a little and as I was afraid it would move out of range if I aimed much longer, I shut my eyes and shot and then jumped for the limb above me.

You never heard such a roar in your life! I never won a prize climbing the greased pole, but I went up that tree so fast that it was all I could do to stop when I got to the top twig—and all that time the roar continued. There wasn't nothing to it, that bear was shot, and he was yelling murder in about seven different keys; he was tearing down


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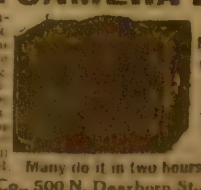

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most of the mountain as he went hence.

When I reached the end of the division going up I looked over the landscape to see what I could see. I was putting my soul in this, feeling sure that as soon as the bear was over the first rude shock he'd start a silent hunt for the author of his troubles. While I was sweeping the more distant landscape that son-of-a-gun slipped thru the underbrush unobserved by yours truly, and in perfect English, from the very base of the tree I was in, broke the news of his presence by saying:

"You'd better come down now."

The only reason I didn't come all the way down was because my belt caught on a broken limb. That was most fortunate, because while suspended there for a moment I had time to look down and discover that the bear had changed to a youngster of about 10 years, who carried a rifle in the crook of his arm, just as if he knew how to use it.

"You'd better come up," I said, as I re-established connections with the tree trunk. "I just shot a grizzly bear——"

"You just shot my Arizona burro," the kid replied, and I knew then my young life was ruined if I couldn't come to terms with him.

I came down as per invitation and we talked it over. Oh, we talked it over and over. I offered to buy him a pair of burros or a flock of them if he'd just go on about his business and keep his mouth shut.

"The burro'll go home and father'll ask me how it got shot and I'll have to tell him," the youngster insisted.

If father happened to live far enough from the railroad I wasn't averse to his knowing the truth, so I began to make inquiries of a more personal nature:

"Live near here?"

"'Bout five miles."

"Ever hear of Speedy Barber?"

"He's my father," the youngster replied with a grin.

It just wasn't my day, that was all there was to it, and from that day to this any time some one calls me on the telephone and starts off with a mention of an Arizona burro I know it is Billy Barber, Speedy's boy, and a regular tandem compound, too!

HE WAS waiting for me at the office, and a brakeman never wanted to see pay day any worse than I did him. The taxi didn't go so fast but that I was able to do a little figuring. Billy Barber couldn't be more than 33 or 34 years old; cattle and timber had made his father a rich man, and the boy, with an agricultural college education to help him out, had doubled the pile and, perhaps, tripled it. He was the big, pine tree sort, that shows up in a group of men like a tandem in a flock of street cars.

Money hadn't spoiled him. He could ride a horse, throw a rope and shoot the postage stamp off an envelope at twenty steps with a forty-four. He did his own thinking, made his own way, took care of himself on Broadway as well as on a mountain trail.

If he just didn't have an engagement to marry a woman!

That was the big question, and that was why I wanted to have speech with the owner of that late lamented Arizona burro.

**The next installment will go into details concerning one Speedy Barber and his son Billy, the latter to play an important and picturesque part in the many happenings yet to be described. Don't miss next week's Ledger.**

# From Out the Centuries

(Continued From Page 7)

have some really important business with the gentleman.

"Landlord, send us a bottle of your very best Scotch. You will do me the honor of drinking with me, Mr. Constable?"

"Hi will!" emphatically replied Constable Dulip. "But them there honners is hall mine!"

"You see," said Mr. Case, when the three were seated, "it's this way—fill your glass again, my good sir, and fill it to the brim—our high officials are never treated fairly in the matters of pay or social diversions. But it's this way: I was right at hand and saw this affair. The man came into the room in the regular manner; but the crowd was listening to a very terrifying recital—it had their entire attention, so none saw the man enter—and they were fairly wrapt. Their nerves were wrought up to the extent of expecting something, so when he appeared silently in their midst—he is very small and light and walks without noise, as your keen instincts have discovered, but that is only natural and not a crime—well, when he suddenly stood in the midst of the crowd that new and mysterious malady at once affected the eyesight of all. It's called 'collective hallucination.' You understand, of course."

"Oho! Yus, Hi sees!" said Constable Dulip, and attempted to look profound.

"Fill your glass, please—you were never more welcome. Now you, of course, not being immediately at hand, could not be expected to laugh at and ridicule this absurd delusion—fill up again. But I was there. And I cannot stand by and see a great and conscientious and faithful, underpaid public official so misinformed. Let us have another." He drew his purse and took therefrom articles which chinked and shone in the lamplight.

"Hi sees!" said Constable Dulip, just as emphatically as possible.

"I hope, my dear sir (fill up again), that you are satisfied."

"Hi am satisfied," solemnly declared Constable Dulip, "that Hi give mistooken everdence an' acted himpeterus-like on it, as other hofficials, heven as 'igh as Hi, 'ave acted himpeterus. Yus, sir!"

"Then if you would not mind delivering this poor fellow into my custody—you can see that he is verging upon illness and in no statte to lie in a prison—and permit me to look after him—but you are not drinking."

"You can 'ave 'im," said Constable Dulip.

"I thank you, constable. I will send him to my room and see that he has warm food and the best of care. One more, my honored sir! And now, thanking you again, I devoutly hope to have the pleasure of your future acquaintance——"

"You can't 'ope it no devoutfuller than wot Hi does," said Constable Dulip with a flourish, and was left alone with the bottle and glasses.

"All the same," confided Constable Dulip to the landlord, an hour later, "Hi intends to keep my heye peeled out for that tramp. 'Ee don't look like no solid man to me."

MR. NECKKER in a comfortable (tho borrowed) dressing-gown sat before a splendid wood fire, gradually thawing out.

"Now see here!" said Julian Case. "I've kept you out of jail because I happen to be interested in just such cases as yours, and find them rare enough. I am the paid assistant of a wealthy scientist and investigator. His name is Walverain and he lives some eight miles from this village. I should have gone out there this evening, but the London train I came on was late, so I decided to spend the night at the inn. Thus I witnessed this affair.

But, however I have convinced that sot of a constable to the contrary, I know that your arrival here was mys-


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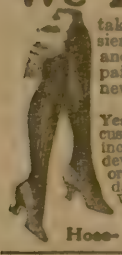

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terious—uncanny—bordering on necromancy, which this prosaic age refuses to believe exists. So tell me the why and how of it."

"An' 'ow can Hi tell you the 'ow an' w'y on it," asked Jimsie aggrievedly, "when Hi don't know it myself. Hall Hi knows is that Hi was there a 'arf hour ago an' now Hi'm 'ere! An' 'ere Hi ham!" He made a gesture of despairing finality. "An' 'ow can Hi tell you more'n that?"

"Yet I believe you can. For instance, you might tell me just where There is."

"Lunnon. West End,' Westbourne Terrace is where Hi were. An' might Hi arsk, Where is 'Ere?"

"Yewboro Village, south coast of—what's the matter?"

"Gawdamercy! An' Hi'd juss wished to be dahn 'ere in Yewboro, a-cos my muvver she's dahn 'ere some'er's!"

"Oh, you WISHED, did you? Well, we seem to be getting somewhere. Your wish is one circumstance—can you not think of another which might have connection?"

"No; not unlessen—w'y, Hi was a-'oldin' this 'ere at the time! Hif that's anythink peculiar."

"Let me see 'this 'ere.' Peculiar! I should say so! I almost recognize it from memory—something I've read somewhere in an occult journal. I am sure Walverain would know this little stone. Tomorrow we'll see—but Jove! I'm impatient. I wish we were on our road there right now!"

Sometimes it is well for one to think before he wishes!

VI.

PSYCHISM AND MR. NECKKER'S HEADACHE.

"HIF there hever were a hunlucky dog," groaned Jimsie Neckker. "Hi ham 'ee!"

"Oh, yes!" snapped Julian Case. "I suppose you think you're the only person who ever had any trouble any time. Even if you're miles from a habitation in your socks on this frozen road, at least you're wrapped warmly in my heavy dressing-gown. But here I am without hat or overcoat and in the thinnest of carpet slippers! And so much less unused to hardships than you!" And he grated his teeth.

And Jimsie grated also.

All of which goes to show that neither was happy in his situation.

"Well, then," said Jimsie, "wot did you wish us to be out 'ere for?"

"I wished it!" cried Julian in a hurt tone. "Of course, I didn't—at least didn't mean to. But the infernal stone seems to take no cognizance of one's intentions. Nor will it undo its work. Haven't we both wished and wished we were either at Rooksedge or back in the inn? But here we are!"

"A-freezin'," added Jimsie.

"At least yonder is the tower light. We have only to push on for a few short miles—and all will be well. And walking is splendid exercise you know."

But some English miles when measured by time and suffering seem many times longer than others.

Soon they had turned from the high road. Down an almost untraveled footpath which traversed the wild and lonely heath; sometimes perilously on the edge of a sedgy, half-frozen morass; sometimes cresting the very top of a great dune where the wind and driving sleet cut into them like knives; and Julian cursed the stone heartily, but he did not throw it away. Twice they lost their paths and had to fight their way thru the wiry heather.

More dead than alive they reached the tree-lined avenue that led to the old manor house. And then the house itself; where Jimsie collapsed.

He collapsed indeed, but it was into the arms of an aged woman, Walverain's housekeeper, who, save for a half-idiot girl-of-all-work, was his only servant.

"Muvver, oh, muvver!" muttered Jimsie, and swooned and was carried in by the powerful doctor. Julian had to look after himself, but after getting into warm clothing and getting a cup of hot coffee down him he was fit as ever. But Jimsie, lying on a horsehair settee before a roaring fire was soon in a bad way.

"We'll look after him, Mother Triggs," promised Julian. "Get him a good hot supper—he needs it." Which promise was easily made but hard to keep.

For the stone—the possible source of all these inexplicable happenings—engrossed the two men utterly for the next hour. And what matters a sick man when discussion is afoot?

"No inanimate thing such as this can possess magic properties," declared Dr. Walverain, "save that it is vested with hypnotic energies which have been gathering about it for a long, long time—vested there of course by powerful occult thinkers. Other talismans have possessed certain powers, but searching their sources we find that powerful mental forces, working subconsciously, animate them."

"That of course it admitted," said Julian. "But it does not explain. There must be a why to cosmic energy and an answer to that why." Jimsie stirred uneasily.

"There is nothing outside of materialism," Walverain asserted. "To all phenomena there is a physical explanation. You know my position—a psychist, truly, but a materialist psychist. And your foundationless mysticism——"

Julian reddened. Jimsie pawed restlessly.

"I deny you the right to accuse me of mysticism," protested Julian, and raised his voice. "I am not a mystic. But I do assert that knowledge has—must have—its limitations. And there are phenomena beyond these limitations.

"Think of the little we really know of matter. And to discredit all occult things because of the exposed swindles of a few quacks——"

But Jimsie put his hands to his ears. He had heard the like before—often in London parks, where he had at times been forced to flee from very boredom. This night, however, he was unable to flee.

The battle raged. Walverain, calm, sat in an easy-chair and held his own seemingly without effort. Julian, lashed to a frenzy by defeat, strode about the room, raging.

And alas! Jimsie had to release an ear to wipe a leaky nose!

"——Evolution in esoteric metaphysics, just the same as in the material world," he heard Julian roaring. "You have to admit that psychotherapeutics——"

"Oh, Gawd! 'Elp!" howled Jimsie and pressed his aching temples.

"No supernatural, but a supernormal world. Potential energies of Nature transformed into kinetic energies——" Jimsie couldn't help but hear, for the great doctor was raising his voice a bit, affected, too, by the contagion of argument.

"My 'ead! My 'ead!" roared Jimsie, and wrapped his arms as best he could about that suffering member.

"But you cannot answer Madame Blavatsky, who proves——" Julian was now staggering, but was making a gallant effort to escape utter rout.

"Automatic hypnotism for the inner manifestations; vibrations for the outer." returned the doctor, shouting also.

"Oh, Lord, 'ow long—'ow long?" asked Jimsie, and beat his pillows with his fists.

"But—but——" Julian was finding it difficult to keep his balance.

"No value at all to transcendentalism," loudly declaimed the doctor. "Psychomatic inceptions — pish! Stupid soul sleep! What can we know of soul sleep? Will you never learn? Haven't you read Professor Clifford: 'It is wrong, always wrong, everywhere and for every one to believe anything on insufficient evidence?'"

"You're a-killin' of me atween you—a-killin' of me, that's wot!" moaned Jimsie and kicked into the horsehair settee.

"For all your isms—for all your experiments with the human family—Mother Nature would not give a pinch of snuff. She laughs in her sleeve at your efforts—and mine—and works her way on us thru biology, evolution, mutations. Fools! Fools!"

"Oh, Lor'! Oh, 'ell!" bellowed the stricken Jimsie.

And then Walverain rose, a giant before his pygmy opponent, and gathering the mighty whole of John Fiske's "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," into some two dozen splendidly worded epigrams, delivered them, volley upon volley, into the helpless Julian; under which rain of verbal missiles the latter was beaten to the floor, and rose only to battle feebly when the terrible attack was ended. Which of course is merely figurative. But the storm lulled to a gentle squall.

Under which the wretched Jimsie drifted off into that peaceful land of slumber, where dreadful science ceases from troubling and the weary Cockney is at rest.

"Technicality speaking," remarked Constable Dulip, when the next morning he searched the room our two friends had occupied before their involuntary "taking off;" "technicality speaking, only, I 'ave found 'ere wot to ole man Sherlock might possible prove a clew. This harticle Hi takes from the tramp's coat is a certre-bit. This hother is a jimmy. People wot are suspickerous like might consider they 'as been used for burglorious pupposes. Which compels me very reluctant to entertain the faintest valley of a shadder of a idea that that tramp was a wrong 'un! Only technicality speaking, o' course, an' non-committal-like."

Which leads us to the conclusion that even His Most Supreme Dignity, Constable Dulip, is prone at times to wax sarcastic.

VII.

WHICH IS IN THE NATURE OF AN INTERLUDE.

ERE the dawn broke over Rooksedge, Jimsie Neckker was tossing with fever; Dr. Walverain pronounced his case pneumonia and his condition serious.

And then came Liza, direct from London, and to her stricken half-brother proved an indefatigable nurse. So tireless was she that Walverain, watching her unknown to all, noted her weakening physical condition and foresaw in her a very easy subject to his hypnotic powers, when the day came.

To Julian he had never revealed the secret of his sleeping cave-woman. He


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**Extract of an African Bark Gives the Tingle of Health and the "Pep" of Youth in Just a Few Days.**

The wonderful vitalizer discovered several years ago in the bark of an African tree is now being supplied to the public by an American laboratory. It is already widely used in Europe and is pronounced an amazingly quick and powerful invigorator and builder of nerve force. Its energizing influence is felt in a day or two, and within a week the circulation improves, the "pep" of youth returns and the tingle and glow of health are felt in every part.

The Re-Bild laboratories, which are supplying the extract in America, combine it in tablet form with other powerful tonic and invigorating elements, the product being called "Re-Bild Tabs." Thousands say it has raised them from weakness and misery to abundant, magnetic vitality and the true joy of living. In fact, the laboratories are so confident of its merit that they invite anybody to try the remedy on the basis of "no results, no pay."

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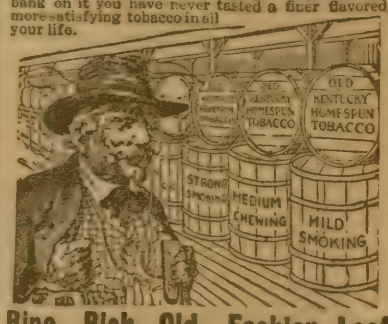


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*W. E. Swires, St. Marys, Penn.*

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*C. J. Retslaff, Motesano, Wash.*

"Say men, your tobacco is the best I have had since 1866 when Abraham Lincoln and I smoked together in the Sunny South. Tell all the old soldiers about it."
*John F. Stout, Libby, Mont.*

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**We Pay All Shipping Charges**

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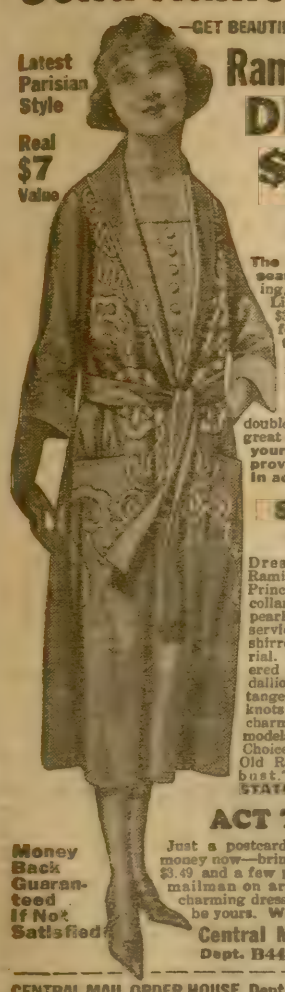

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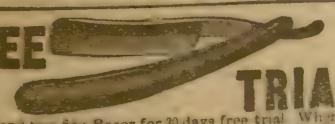

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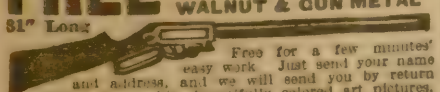

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never spoke of his plan—altho his transfusor was under construction—for her restoration. He understood Julian's scruples, and he needed his assistant's help. He wanted to keep him.

So, when they had a completed model of the transfusing machine before them, Walverain merely remarked that it would soon revolutionize surgery. And dubiously Julian acquiesced.

For some days Walverain's two other assistants—of whom more soon—had been dredging the bottom of a shallow pool; and at last had brought in, uninjured, the body of a torpid frog.

A lively frog from an aquarium the doctor had already secured. These two he placed into positions in the small apparatus. And, all preparations finished, operations began.

And soon Julian Case was appalled.

"Stop the infernal thing, doctor! Stop it!" he cried, peering into the mechanism thru a strip of thick glass which permitted a view of its workings. "It is torturing that poor frog beyond endurance! It is more than flesh and blood can stand!"

"All for science, Case, all for science!" sneered Walverain. "A poor vivisectionist you would be. Don't interfere!"

"God!" almost groaned Julian. "That big, strong frog is shriveling down almost to a shadow!"

"And the once torpid one is swelling to splendid proportions, throbbing with revived life. If ever man won success this day I have!" Even Walverain was moved out of his phlegmatic calm.

"Your humanitarianism, Case," said the doctor, "might do you credit if there were truth in chivalry and sentiment. But we have to look into the face of realties.

"Mother Nature is no more of a humanitarian than I am. She cannot stop her forward drive to soothe individual hurts. She cannot do her work and still tread ever so carefully that she steps on no one's corns. She knows that the most of us have our good five senses, and it's up to us to keep out of her way. If we can't—we're unlucky, that's all.

"But, ignoring her laws, we rush forward into endless experiments with life, with physical and social systems. And too often comes a cropper. And all the while she is working steadily with whatever materials she has at hand and eventually she attains for us the very things we fail to get.

"Of course I grant you that if you could gather in a vast collective intelligence—millions of people, all thinking on exactly the same lines and working in exact mental agreement, you might force by revolution the moves she makes by a slow and painful process of evolution. You might remake the world. But when you try, what happens? Too many of you, too many minds—and chaos.

"Your crude religionists, your wild French revolutionaries, your fanatical Paris communists, your crazy anarchists, your long-haired closet philosophers (of whom you are no mean example), rush into wild schemes and only find yourselves smashing against each other.

"Mother Nature is the true radical, the only effective revolutionist. Socialism? She may get you all your isms in her own way in her own good time, but she won't guarantee you'll be satisfied with them!"

LIZA'S "Hindy gentlemen" were in the neighborhood, but "keeping dark," to employ a Scotland Yard term. Not that they were not active. Posing as gentlemen of leisure, they had purchased a new electro-vapor launch—as yet they hadn't begun to call them "gasboats"—a splendid vessel, and on days when the Channel weather was fair they cruised up and down the coast, seemingly for pleasure, but really prying about for Jimsie and his talisman.

The dark strangers of course attracted their share of notice. The countryside gossiped, speculated, conjectured about and over them; and our fisher friend, Peter, one night at the Yew Bow Inn misquoted Bret Harte to this effect:

"For ways that is dark an' tricks that is vain
The 'eathen 'Indoo is peculiar."

And earned considerable applause, besides enhancing his reputation as a wit.

Two of Peter's former mates, Nos. 3 and 4, were at that time in the employ of Dr. Walverain. Knowing nothing of the doctor's secrets they did much of the rougher work in the building of the large transfusor.

And Julian and Walverain toiled almost day and night. Toiled with a splendid energy that steadily brought it nearer completion. But for all his energy Julian was never enthusiastic.

Often he found himself shrinking shudderingly from the strange instrument he had helped to build. To him it seemed to symbolize a living thing—a foul, life-sucking vampire!

VIII.

CONSTABLE DULIP ON THE SCENT.

MIDNIGHT, dark and cloudy, but the late winter air is still. The waters of Hung Man's Cove do not ripple to offshore winds. There is not a star, for the night is a blind-black one.

But it was not dark in the far depths of Hung Man's Cavern. Here the narrow passage had opened into an enlargement of considerable size and this was brilliantly lighted—electrically lighted. From the stalactite-studded roof incandescents were suspended.

In the center of the cavern on a smoothly hewed raise in the rough rock floor lay she who had been the subject of Dr. Walverain's months of experiment—the object of interest to all. On this smooth surface, men (no doubt the men who had hewed the rock into a table) had built out of a cement made from lime and powdered sea-shells a mausoleum, air-tight and absolutely dry; and within this strange tomb lay the sleeping Princess of Vikings.

There—enclosed, entombed—she lay and had lain, how long no man, not even the doctor himself could guess. A dead woman, he had believed her to be, embalmed by some ancient process, preserved perhaps by heathen priests for purposes of worship. But it was not true! Lifting the cement lid which fitted the mausoleum, just above her head and shoulders, one could feel the flesh of her full cheeks—it was soft and warm!—no cold chill of death there. She was like a hibernating animal—in a state of coma, resembling death, with all the functions of life at a standstill—but dead she was not.

And this night, Walverain had determined, would see her restoration. And the activities, methodical, systematic, about her mausoleum expressed his determination.

Three men toiled with him, setting his wonderful surgical invention—his transfusor. Two, working for more pay for that one night, than they had ever received before in a year, toiled on, stolidly, indifferently. But the third, Julian Case, worked strained and tense, as one who labors in a frenzy of excitement. Expectant, he often glanced toward the narrow opening of the passage which led to the outside.

But there was one in the cavern that night who stood by, who made no attempts at assisting the busy men; a young woman whose face never changed expression, whose eyes, with a set hypnotic stare, followed Dr. Walverain's every move.

* * * * * * *

From afar without the cove came a sound like the rattle and crash of volleys of musketry. Then it died down to a muffled gurgle, ending utterly as the electro-vapor launch of the exiled Adept, drifted into the cove.

Painfully the sailor and engineer who composed the crew warped the heavy boat past the rocks to a landing place.

There it was moored. Three of their occupants were landed and stealthily they made their way along the foot of the cliff toward Hung Man's Ledge.

Soon, however, they paused—sought concealment among the rocks.

Other men than they had business there that night. Four of them. One walked with feeble steps and had to be supported by a comrade. The others strode forward boldly until——

"Gawd! Gawd!" Terrified, the men gasped and panted.

Under the ledge in a halo of greenish, ghoulish light, seeming to swing to the clank of chains was the appari-


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| 33x4 | 14.50 | 2.65 | 35x4 1-2 | 19.00 | 3.80 |
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We want Sales Agents in every county. Transparent Pocket Knives and Razors. Blades finest steel. Every knife guaranteed. We train the inexperienced.

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When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., of the beautiful free surprise present which we will send you. You will delight in owning this present.

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tional smuggler captain. And above him, more terrifying than the ghostly hanged man himself, seemed to hover his supernatural attendants.

But one gruff voice quelled the rising panic.

"Quiet, men, quiet! 'Ee told us it were just a trick!"

And boldly he climbed the face of the cliff. His shadow fell across the spectre in the halo of ghostly light and obscured it. "Come up," he ordered in a low tone.

From a crevice, commandingly placed, he dragged a magic lantern with strings attached for the purpose of opening and closing its slides from a distance.

"That's 'ow 'ee done it!" remarked Constable Dulip.

* * * * * * *

After the three men had assisted their feeble companion into the cave's entrance, Hajji Dass strode forward and threw for a moment the ray from a small bull'seye upon the sand. Then he stooped.

"At last! The Garuda stone is mine! The key to the mysteries of all the world! Its power is mine when I prove that I can command it!"

**Now that Hajji Dass has gained possession of the magic stone, readers of the story will be eager to know just what he will accomplish with it. Perhaps the London merchant, Julian Case and Dr. Walverain had but vague ideas of the talisman's powers. In the hands of one who is able to command it, perhaps, some mighty strange things are likely to happen in the next installment. Possibly the Viking Princess will be restored to life, and may have a strange story to relate. Better not miss next week's Ledger.**

# A Game for Ten Thousand

(Continued From Page 13)

upon the desk and then stood leaning against it.

"I see you are still ready for me," he laughed pointing to the automatic upon the table ready to hand.

"Yes, it lacks seven minutes to 1:22, when our game ends," said Williams. He had not taken his eyes off the younger man from the instant he had stepped into the room. They were fixed upon him in an unwinking stare thru the heavy-rimmed spectacles which the old man wore. He had been reading just a few minutes when Thornton rapped and he had not taken off the glasses.

"And how have you liked it?" asked Thornton.

"Splendidly," was the reply. "But I had expected to find myself in one or two scrapes before this. Still the game has been well worth while because it has stimulated me and given me something new to think about. I am sorry, however, that you could not win. How about letting me lend you the money necessary to start you up in business?"

Impulsively Thornton started forward with outstretched hand.

"That's bully of you," he cried, "but ——"

He stopped aghast, for Williams' hand had darted for the automatic and now the weapon was trained unwaveringly upon him.

"Stop where you are," ordered Williams. "It still lacks five minutes before I dare trust you within reaching distance of me. After that I'll be glad to shake hands with you, if that is what you intended. Meanwhile I'm not taking any chances of having you give me the horse laugh by springing a last-minute coup upon me."

Thornton laughed nervously, then pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead.

"You gave me a start," he said replacing the bit of linen. "It made the cold sweat pop out all over me. Because I did want to thank you by shaking hands while at the same time I wanted to tell you that the ten thousand was not essential to me for starting up in opposition to old Mr. Burton now. I have made arrangements for that.

"Mr. Williams, not for one minute since I left you here the night our game began until now have you been in danger of losing your ten thousand to me. For I'll confess right now that I have not made a single move to take it from you. When I left you the other night I immediately went to the hotel where I had registered when I came into town and went to bed. The next morning, bright and early, I sought a wholesale drygoods house and got a job. Incidentally, I discovered that one of the partners was once my father's best friend. To him I confided the opportunity of opening a rival store to Burton at Rocksburg and, because he knew my father, he was willing to take a chance on me.

"This week we have shipped to Rocksburg enough merchandise to stock a first-class store. Until late today I have been down there getting ready for our opening. Burton is pale around the gills already. His finish is in sight and he knows it."

"But our game?" asked the gambler.

"The game required but one to play it, after all," replied Thornton with a smile. "You have admitted that you have enjoyed it and that it was up to your expectations because it has stimulated you. It did not need me to shadow your footsteps, to keep you in suspense as to when I would attempt to take the money from you. Your own imagination did that. Given the start by my agreeing to play your game with you, imagination did the rest. I'll wager that you have seen more suspicious things in the last week than you have in a year before, that every dark street, every telephone pole, every shadow was peopled with some creature of your imagination which you believed to be me lying in wait for you. Am I right or not?"

"You are," conceded the old gambler. "I have seen all those things."

"It still lacks a minute of our time being up," said Thornton, glancing at the little clock ticking on the desk beside him. "As soon as those sixty seconds pass I've got something else to tell you."

FROM his pocket he was taking out the handkerchief again. The muzzle of the automatic in Williams' hand still was pointed in his direction but it had shifted downward. At the mention of the time the gambler's eyes had shifted to the dial of the timepiece. They already were shifting back to Thornton's face, but they never saw it.

For the handkerchief flicked out suddenly and Williams received full in the face a handful of stinging powder that filled his mouth and his nostrils and set him to sneezing violently and made his eyes water. In the same instant he felt the automatic swept from his hand and Thornton's fingers plunge into his breast pocket and withdraw the envelope.

Then a moking laugh rang in his ears and he felt the young man's arms about him, while a handkerchief, dipped in the water of the pitcher upon the lunch-spread table, wiped from his face the powder which had stuck there.

"It won't hurt you in the least," Thornton's voice assured him. "It was only a big dose of sneezing powder and it is not harmful. When I pulled out my handkerchief awhile back I released a quantity of it in the room. Then I watched you closely and I saw your nostrils begin to twitch and I knew that in a second or two at most you would have to sneeze. I timed myself so that you would get the second shot at precisely the right moment to render your pistol useless.

"I caught you napping for once in your life, old timer. But that story I told you is true, every last word of it. Still, this ten thousand will come in handy. Alice and I were married this morning and furniture is awfully expensive these days."

❦ ❦ ❦

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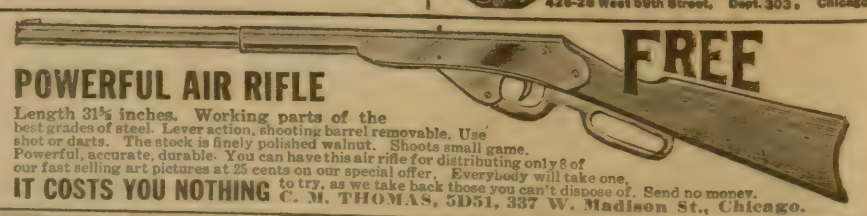

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# The Devil's Pills

(Continued From Page 9)

so hard that one of the men hit her; and the soldiers said she was too ugly to bring—that the consul didn't like ugly girls."

Claire laughed wildly.

"Oh! What beasts! What beasts they are! To think—to think—oh! I must see Herr Lilienkranz at once."

Desperately she sprang from the bed and rushed toward the chair on which her clothes were hung, and began to dress.

"I must see him at once," she panted. "He will send after Vana. It will be easy to find her now that the procession is halted."

Ayesha and Josepha looked at each other.

"But the procession is not halted," they exclaimed together.

"Some mistake!" Claire returned impatiently. "I heard the orders given."

Swiftly, aided by the two girls, she completed her attirement and hurried from the room.

Down the stairs she ran. In the lower hall an open doorway let out a flood of light that argued spaciousness and in thru it she sped.

She had guessed rightly. Within the room the consul sat at his desk.

When he saw her he jumped up.

"Come in! Come in, Fraulein," he cried. "Come in! I'm glad to see you restored. Will you not sit?"

He pushed forward a chair.

Claire sat down. She found herself weaker than she had supposed. Then she poured forth her plea for Vana.

Lilienkranz nodded.

"But surely!" he acceded. "I will send at once. Pardon me for a moment."

He left the room.

Soon he was back.

"I have sent," he asserted. "The girl shall be with you tonight. The other two have relatives near here, have they not? Good! I think I I have found them. They will be here soon; and if they are the right ones I shall be glad. If there is Anything else I can do, Fraulein——"

Claire's eyes grew humid.

"Only to help these poor people all you can; and I know you will do that without asking. And—and—I wrote to you about some jewels——"

"Ah! Yes! I had almost forgotten. The jewels from the cathedral that you saved from the Turkish looters. It was a brave deed, Fraulein; worthy of one of your great nation."

"It was easy to save them. It was chiefly by chance that I managed it. But I fear for their safety. Any day I may be killed and then——"

Claire paused expressively.

"Then they will be lost. Quite right, Fraulein. I know but one place where they will be safe, and that is in the custody of his Germanic Majesty at Constantinople. You have hidden them well?"

Claire shook her head.

"No," she said, a little breathlessly. "They are not well hidden. I had no chance or time to pick and choose a place. But any place seemed safer than on my person. So I hid them. And I told no one, not even my girls. If you will get them——"

"Willingly, Fraulein, if you will tell me where they are. I will go the moment that the car can be brought around."

So Claire told him. Luckily or unluckily, she did not read the gleam in his eye. In fact, she had little chance to do so, for at that moment a servant came in with coffee; and she drank a cup gratefully.

Then, with ears filled with the consul's assurances that the jewels should be rescued and kept safely, she went slowly up the stairs.

Something, perhaps the reaction from all she had gone thru, was bearing down upon her. Slowly and sluggishly she moved. Only by a desperate effort did she reach her room.

Once there she sank down upon the bed and tried to rally her faculties.

"Vanna will come soon," she stammered to the girls. "Your—your friends have been found. They are coming. We"—a dreadful yawn—distorted her face—"oh, I am so sleepy."

Like a log she dropped down upon the pillow. An instant later she was asleep.

It was long before she waked. When she did, the low western sun was streaming into her windows.

Ayesha and Josepha had disappeared. At her call an old German woman came and explained that both of them had gone.

"They found their friends," she said, "and went away with them. Greatly they longed to say farewell to the gnadige lady; but she slept, and the doctor said that she must not be awakened. Their friends could not wait; and so, at last, they go with them. They leave much love for the gracious Fraulein."

Claire dropped back into her chair with wrinkled brows. Of course, she told herself, she was glad that Josepha and Ayesha had found their friends. Not for the world would she have had it otherwise. But she could not help feeling grieved that they should have left her alone, even under the protection of the counsel, and that they should have left her without a spoken farewell.

No doubt, however, they had acted for the best. Dully she turned to the old woman. But the woman knew nothing.

"I did not see their friends," she explained. "But they seemed very happy at finding them. The high well-geborn consul will know. He has on a journey gone, but soon will return back. Meanwhile I am the servant of the gracious lady. She will to bathe wish—yes? And the fresh clothes to put on? I had the bath prepared early. But the Herr doctor say 'No! Let her sleep,' and I obey. But now——"

Volubly she chattered on:

Claire did not ask where the consul had gone; her brain was still dulled, but she thought that she could guess his destination very easily. He had gone for the jewels; when he came back he would arrange to send her and them on to the ambassador at Constantinople, and the ambassador would send her home and would keep the jewels till better times should come and the Cross should be once more upreared in the land where now the Cresent ruled supreme. Claire had not learned the full workings of "Kultur." But her final enlightenment was at hand.

Almost happily she went to the bath; and, lapped in its purely animal comfort, she forgot for the moment the horrors of the last week and even the crowning horror of the morning. Human nature can stand just so much. Once it has passed its limit, it disregards further ills. Claire's had passed the limit; she could feel no more without going mad. Almost she forgot the American reporter—almost, but not quite.

The fact that the fresh clothing that she was given when she left the bath was Turkish did not trouble her. Often before, during her work with the American mission, she had found it advantageous to wear the veil.

Once she was back in her room, she sought thru her belongings—pitifully few they were—for the minor toilet appurtenances that she needed. And in this search she found a letter.

It was a very short letter, hastily scrawled by a little accustomed hand:

"Beloved Teacher:

"They are coming to take us to some people they say are our friends. But we're dead scared! You sleep so deep and you won't wake up. I believe you are doped. I don't believe it is our friends. I don't trust that German consul. Everybody says it is the Germans who order the Turks to kill us. And I'm scared! Good-by, AYESHA."

Twice Claire read it, first with bewilderment, then with doubt, lastly with fear. Try as she might, she could not quite dismiss Ayesha's words as mere silly terror. Reinvigorated by the bath she had recovered the power to think and with it the power to remember—and to fear. Could she, after all, have been tricked. No! No! It was unbelievable!

But her doubts, once raised, would not down. Nervously she began to pace the room. What should she do? What could she do? She was only a girl, far from home and friends, with not even a weapon to kill herself, if need be. What should she do?

A low boom, as of far-off cannon, followed by a clamor in the house below, interrupted the current of her thoughts. Quickly she hurried to the door.

Below stairs the clamor increased swiftly. Then, abruptly, it died away with a rush of flying feet.

The stillness that followed frightened her. But she was ever one to meet danger half-way. To the top of the stairs he went and looked down to the hall below. Apparently it was deserted. Hesitantly she descended; and hesitantly she went to the office where she had once found the consul. But he was not there; and with growing fear she went to the back door and looked into the court. It, too, was deserted. Terrified now, she crossed the court to the houses on the other side.

And there she found Josepha and Ayesha.

Josepha was dead—mercifully. Ayesha still lived, but her moments seemed few.

"Run! Run! Miss Claire," she gasped. "The consul will come back soon. He gave us to the soldiers and he say that tonight—tonight—oh! Miss Claire. Run! Run! while you can."

The girl's voice died away. She closed her eyes and lay very still.


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Claire knew the truth now, knew to what fate she had been betrayed, knew that she had been spared only because of the jewels and that with their finding her reprieve would end.

Back to the house she staggered. Flight was her only hope; but chance of flight by the back she knew there was none. She must escape by the front or not at all. Thru the hall she hurried and to the great door. It stood ajar and her hope began to mount. Then came the sound of hurrying feet without. Barely she had time to slip into the consul's office and to crouch behind a screen when the door banged back and Lilienkranz strode in. For a moment he stood, gazing about, then he dropped a packet that he carried upon the desk and hurried back to the door and began to roar for servants, soldiers, attendants.

For a time no one came. Then the old woman who had attended Claire hurried in, rubbing her rheumy eyes.

"Pardon! Pardon!" she chattered. "The high-born Herr Consul will pardon? I did but sleep for a moment. I——"

"Where are the others? Where is the American girl?"

The consul's voice, shot with frenzy, filled the room.

"The others? I know not. The American girl—she waits for the Herr Consul in the bridal chamber, according to the noble consul's orders, attired as a bride should be. Since he went away she has not ceased to cry out for him. She is eaten up with longing for her lord's return."

An evil light came into the consul's eyes. For a moment he hesitated. Then:

"Go!" he ordered. "Leave the house. The Russians are coming. They will be here soon. Save yourself."

The old woman squealed in terror. Then——

"And the Herr Consul?" she questioned.

"I stay. My bride is waiting for me. I will not disappoint her. Go!"

The old woman went, hurrying away on tottering feet. The consul turned to the table and snatched up the packet he had flung there.

"There is time," he muttered. "There is time. And she must die or the jewels will not be safe."

Out of the room he rushed.

Instantly Claire scrambled to her feet.

No time was there for her to falter; escape hung on the turn of a hair.

"Help! Help! Oh, God! Help!" she gasped, as she rose. "Help! Help!" she repeated as she staggered to the door, swaying from side to side as she went. "Help! Help!" she breathed, unmolested, protected by her Turkish robes, she passed down the street, hearing from the house behind her a bellow of rage, whose meaning she needed no one to tell.

Ten minutes later a regiment of Russian cavalry, raiding far ahead of the main army, swept thru the town. When it was gone—gone as speedily as it had come—Claire had lost herself in the city.

Three months later Lilienkranz, erstwhile Consul, now calling himself Otto Werder, landed in New York, bearing with him the priceless jewels torn from the shrine of his Redeemer—jewels whose enormous value his cupidity had been powerless to resist. Close on his trail came the avenger—the representatives of the legion whose friends and families he should have saved, but whom he had instead betrayed to long horrors and to ultimate death.

Close behind him, too, followed the executioners sent by the government whose fiendish orders he had carried out—executioners who had instructions to bring back the jewels and to punish him who had dared steal his imperial master's loot. Last of all came Claire, intent on recovering the jewels and on restoring them in happier days to their place in the rerisen shrine of God.

With a final click Hatton finished his story. As he jerked the last page from the whirring platen he looked up and saw that he sat almost alone. During the hours that he had been working he had been vaguely conscious that men were coming and going about him, but, absorbed in his story, he had paid no attention to them, and they had respected his evident desire not to be interrupted. One by one they had received their assignments and had gone, leaving only one or two cubs to run on emergency calls.

**More about the jewels in the next and concluding installment of the story. More, also, about "One-Armed" Sweeny—and Lilienkranz, alias "Werder"—and the avengers who were sent on his trail. And, more important than all to the reader's point of view, the mystery of Werder's strange death will be fully cleared up. Don't miss the conclusion of the story—in the Ledger next week.**

# The Young Man From the City

**(Continued From Page 5)**

the letter which they had been awaiting so anxiously, Andrew Hornby tore open the envelope with fingers that trembled visibly. Its contents ran:

Chicago, Ill.
July 22nd, 1921.

Dear Mr. Hornby:—

I have at hand your communication dated July 18th, in which you set forth certain details concerning the present financial status of your farm. The answer is entirely satisfactory to me. I can, I see, secure immediate possession from you by paying over to you the difference between the $10,000 I have offered and the $4,980 debts on the farm, and assuming the encumbrance myself. This will therefore require an initial expenditure on my part of $5,020 and I feel reasonably certain that the holder of the mortgage and interest coupon notes will be willing to wait on me a week or two for the balance, at which time certain of my affairs in the East will be settled. Now that the matter is O. K. with you, I shall expect to take possession on Saturday, the 28th of the month. I shall hire my own help and furnish my own livestock, horses, etc., the following week.

Now, as to an attorney. You say this Tripp has handled the affairs of the mortgagee and is familiar with the probate records, titles, values, and so forth, of the surrounding farms? I think he will be quite satisfactory and trustworthy—and I would take it as a great favor if you would make it a point to see him and instruct him to have all the necessary papers drawn up. I will hire a rig on the 28th, call for him, and come straight out to the farm, bringing a check on a Chicago bank to complete the transaction. The following week I shall have my household goods shipped to Bartondale, after which I can settle down as a country gentleman.

This, I daresay, takes up all the points brought out in your letter. Kindly notify me at once as to the receipt of this communication. I am

Yours sincerely,
EDWARD ROWLAND,
1142 Wells Street, Chicago.

It was a splendid supper that Jenny prepared that night for her father and John Carr. The former seemed to have grown suddenly younger by several years. And Carr, too, appeared to have become the old, enthusiastic, boyish fellow that he was when he turned in at the Hornby farm to ask for work.

As it was a warm evening, he and Andrew Hornby repaired to the front porch to talk.

"I'm mighty glad, Mr. Hornby," he said, "that your deal on the farm is now O. K.—for I gathered that much from your and Jenny's conversation at the supper table. There's one thing, however, I should like to suggest to you."

"Go ahead," replied Hornby, genially. "What is it?"

"It's this: We've got the place looking good now—and it's up to the new purchaser to take care of what harvesting is to be done. Now there won't be much to do tomorrow and I should like to accomplish something on my own hook to better the appearance of everything." He paused, thinking hard upon some matter. Then he continued. "This house is built on a brick foundation which holds it several feet above the surface of the ground. In two or three places those bricks have crumbled away, which, in comparison with other things, gives the house a somewhat dilapidated appearance. I should like to go ahead and mix up some mortar tomorrow, tear away the crumbled places, and build it up with new bricks. Really, I think it would help a lot. Don't you?"

Andrew Hornby assented.

Mr. Hornby retired as the girl seated herself on the step, not far from Carr. For a short while neither of them spoke.

Fate intervened, for as John Carr straightened up with the intention of venturing upon some commonplace topic, he dropped his hand to the top step. And by some mischance—or was it a happy chance?—it fell on top of one of her's.

"Wonderful girl," he said aloud. Then he gasped at his own boldness. She withdrew her hand from beneath his larger one and gazed at him rather curiously by the faint light which emanated from the sitting-room lamp.

"Did you honestly mean that?" she asked with a rather plaintive note in her voice.

He turned suddenly and faced her. "Yes, Jenny, I did mean it," he asserted. "Every word of it—and a thousand times over."

He stopped and looked confusedly toward the Great Dipper. Then he turned to her again. "It came sooner than I intended, Jenny. For that reason I must go ahead and tell you what I've been wanting to tell you ever since I met you. I love you."

He placed his hand on top of her's once more. This time she made no attempt to withdraw her own.

"Dear, do you believe that I mean all I say—or has the sinister reputation of city men with country girls gotten anead of me?"

For awhile she sat without moving, saying nothing. Then she looked toward him and spoke.

"No, I believe you, somehow, because you're different. But there seems to be something underlying your presence here—something that Father and I do not understand." She noticed with dismay that he made no motion of assent or denial. "Did you come here so that you could love me?"

"Thank God, I came," he replied, "because in that way I met you. But I came for a different reason. I'm sorry that you've brought up the question of why I'm here. I wonder, too, whether you believe that ends justify means. I'm afraid that you disbelieve my story that I came to work on a farm for my health. Do you—Jenny?"

She nodded. "Yes—I do. Surely, tho, you can't blame me. Wouldn't you—if you were in my place?"

"Yes," he admitted, "my common sense tells me that I would. And yet—for the present—I shall have to continue being a farm hand—working for my health—as long as your father is satisfied with my services."

She laughed uneasily. "A man can always get work if he's willing to work for nothing. And you've crept tightly into Dad's good graces."

He turned and contemplated her again. "Jenny, I told you—or blurted out to you—tonight that I loved you. I didn't ask whether you cared for me even the tiniest mite. Now I do ask it. Do you care—or am I just a good friend—or even, perhaps, nothing more than just your father's farm hand?"

"Before I answer that question, I'm going to ask three of you. If you can answer them truthfully, I'll tell you the reply to your own—and maybe it's the answer you're hoping for."

"Do you mean it, Jenny?" he asked eagerly, exuberantly. "Fire away. I could do anything that would make you say that you had as much love for me as—as—as would cover a grain of wheat."

"The first is this," she said, looking far away in the darkness: "Do you know—or have you ever known—any one named Mr. Edward Rowland?"

"I do not," he answered, looking straight at her. "Nor have I ever heard the name before—at least before I heard

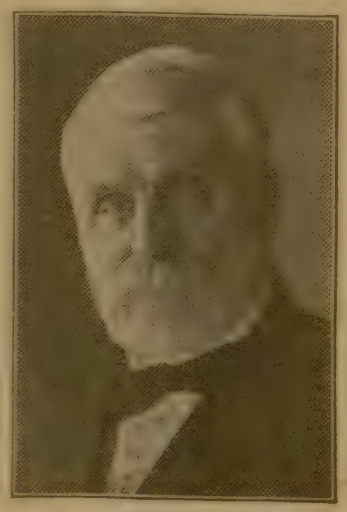

# Doctor at 82 Finds Mothers Prefer His Formula to New-Fangled Salts And Coal Tar Remedies for Babies

**Judgment of 1892 vindicated by world's approval of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a simple vegetable compound for constipation—So safe thousands give it to babes in arms—Now has largest sale in the world.**

WHEN a man is in the 83rd year of his age, as I am, there are certain things he has learned that only time can teach him. The basis of treating sickness has not changed since I left Medical College in 1875, nor since I placed on the market the laxative prescription I had used in my practice, known to druggists and the public since 1892, as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

Then the treatment of constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions that result from constipation was entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which is a combination of Egyptian Senna and other mild laxative herbs with pepsin.

Recently new medicines have been brought out for constipation that contain calomel, which is mercury, salts of various kinds, minerals, and coal tar. These are all drastic purges, many of them dangerous, and the medical profession is warning the public against them. Certain coal tar products will depress the heart; certain salts give rise to intestinal poisoning, impaction and rupture of the intestines. If grown people want to use them no one can deny them the privilege, but they should never be given to children.



From a recent portrait of
DR. W. B. CALDWELL
Founder of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin
Born Shelbyville, Mo., 1839

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you, and the better for the general health of all. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with pills and powders and strong drugs, even if disguised in candy? My remedy, too, costs less than most others, only about a cent a dose. A bottle such as you can find in any drug store, will last a family several months, and all can use it. It is good for the babe in arms because pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. In the proper dose, given in the directions, it is equally effective at all ages. Elderly people will find it especially ideal.

The formula of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is on the cover of every bottle, and the ingredients have the endorsement of the U. S. Pharmacopoeia.

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*In remembrance of my 83rd birthday I have set aside the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars to be given away in half-ounce bottles of my Syrup Pepsin. Only one Free Trial bottle to a family. All are constipated now and then, and here is an opportunity for you and others to try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin FREE OF CHARGE. Ask for your free bottle today, simply sending name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 560 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Do not postpone this.*

you and your father mention it across the dining-room table."

"That's satisfactory," she said. "The second question is this: "Tonight I found a letter on the floor of the kitchen—right after you removed your coat to fill the wood box." She inserted her hand in the bosom of her dress and withdrew a long paper envelope. "Of course, I didn't read it since it was addressed: 'Mr. William Denton, 12 West Burton Place, Chicago.' Did you lose that letter?"

He stretched out his hand, instantly removing it from her fingers and transferring it to his coat pocket.

"Yes," Carr acknowledged "that letter was mine—rather belonged to me—that is, was in my possession." He stopped abruptly and lapsed into a gloomy silence.

"Then the third question," went on the girl firmly, "would have to be as follows: Is—is your name John Carr?"

"I knew that was coming," he groaned. After a second he added miserably: "I can't answer any more questions, Jenny. And I can't even tell you why I can't answer any more. I——"

The girl arose suddenly.

"It's rather late, Mr.—er—Carr," she remarked coolly. "I think it's time that I was in bed. Good night, Mr.—Mr. Carr." And opening the screen door that led on to the porch, she flew to her own room.

For a long while after, her companion sat where he was without moving. Then he, too, arose and repaired slowly to his room on the second floor.

THE following morning Hornby and his daughter hitched up their lone mare to the buggy, and drove away in the direction of Bartondale. They found no difficulty in seeing Tripp. The latter was effusive in his congratulations—as much so for Hornby's good fortune as for the knowledge that a fee would be forthcoming from Mr. Edward Rowland for legal services. All in all they were gone four hours. When they drove in at the gateway of the farm, they noted two things at once; that the spot of crumbled brickwork, visible from the road, had been torn away and rebuilt; and that a similar portion at the side of the house had also been torn away and was now in readiness for repair. Then, later, they became cognizant of another fact—the beaming countenance of John Carr, who now appeared to radiate cheerfulness.

Finally the fateful 28th of the month arrived. The greater portion of the household goods was packed in the wagon, preparatory to being moved into Bartondale to a tiny cottage which Hornby had arranged to rent until he should find some new and permanent location. The live-stock, of which there was but little, had been transferred temporarily to old man Peters', further up the road. John Carr had packed his few belongings into the suitcase which had constituted his sole luggage on his arrival. Everything, in fact, was in readiness for a quick departure.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon, a cloud of dust down the road resolved itself into a buggy bearing Mr. Tripp and an individual who later introduced himself as Mr. Edward Rowland. The latter's appearance in no way belied his assertion that he felt the need of country life for a while. There was a strange, pasty-white pallor on his face, a pallor of the kind that is removed by nothing but sunshine—and plenty of it.

After the preliminary details and introductions had been attended to, Rowland withdrew from his pocket a check made out for $5,020 and bearing the name of a Chicago bank. Then, just as he was preparing to pass it into the hands of Andrew Hornby, a strange thing happened.

John Carr turned from the window where he had been watching the proceedings in the reflection of the glass. When he spoke, his words created a distinct sensation in the little gathering.

"I don't know whether this thing should go on," he said slowly, "since Mr. Rowland isn't going to get for his money exactly what he expects."

The pasty-faced man gave a start, at the same time making a quick, exacting scrutiny of the speaker. Andrew Hornby, Jenny and Tripp looked toward the young fellow with intense surprise on their faces. The latter, however, continued, this time in Rowland's direction.

"It's only fair to tell you, Mr. Eddie De Foe—alias Edward Rowland—ex-convict Number 36625—that you're too late. And I don't mind telling you that I, myself, am in doubt about the genuineness of your check." The jaw of the pasty-faced man fell open. "You're too late—do you grasp it? If that check represents your last stake, take my advice and fade away. I—or the express company, if you prefer it that way—have beaten you to it. You're about——"

With several quick motions, Rowland ripped the check into pieces. He flung the fragments furiously on the table and then, as if by a sudden thought, swept them carefully into his pocket.

"Deal's off," he said tersely to Tripp. "Drive me back to Bartondale so's I can catch the 3:04 train. I'll fix you up with your fee on the way back." He glared at John Carr. "As for the rest of you," he continued, "I've got nothing to say, no explanation to make. The deal's off. That's all—and final.—Come, Tripp."

And, a minute later, the buggy was disappearing up the road.

Without a word to Jenny, John Carr stepped over and placed his hand on Hornby's shoulder. The latter, however, seemed stunned by the sudden turn of affairs.

"Don't look so downhearted, Mr. Hornby," said the younger man. "Matters haven't gone against you as much as you think they have. You and Jenny bring up those old kitchen chairs that were left behind and listen to what I've got to say. I'm going to spin out some information—contained in a rather long yarn, perhaps—that will explain this whole affair to the satisfaction of both of you."

And when they had done so, uncomprehendingly, he began.

**It is not often that we can secure a good mystery story laid in the country, for the reason perhaps that country life is more quiet than the turbulent metropolitan existence. Here, however, is a thoroly satisfying heart interest and human interest narrative. In the next and concluding installment we shall perhaps learn something of the identity of Mr. Edward Rowland, who was willing to pay $10,000 for a farm worth only half of that. And, incidentally, now that Mr. Rowland has taken a speedy departure, what is to become of Andrew Hornby's problem? The next and concluding part will interest and satisfy all readers.**

* * *

## What About a Chaperone?

I BELIEVE it was Jane Addams who said that there was something very beneficial in small-town and village gossip for, narrow tho it might seem, it acted as a restraining influence on young women who without it might often be led beyond their depths in unconventionality. We all of us hate the village gossip; we despise the Mrs. Grundy who peers down the street behind carefully drawn lace curtains to feast her eyes upon any intimations of unconventionality on the part of her neighbors. But Mrs. Grundy, standing there with those narrow, suspicious eyes of hers, serves a purpose in the social order, for there is not a young girl or young girl's mother, or young man or young man's mother in the street, but knows she is there. So the pretty girl, when asked by a good-looking newcomer to take a stroll with him on Sunday afternoon, hesitates and then asks her elder sister or aunt to accompany them. "It isn't that I think there would be any harm in it," she says. "But people in a small town talk so."

A young girl always has infinite confidence in her own ability to act with dignity and discretion under any circumstances, and the more wholesome her ideas of life the less suspicion she has of her escort's character or discretion. But because other people might not feel about it as she does, she avails herself of the services of a chaperone.

But a chaperone serves a purpose beyond keeping neighbors' tongues from wagging or strangers from misjudging a young girl. First among these the chaperone makes it evident to the escort that the young girl he is with is carefully brought up and, tho he may assure the girl he asks to go walking or motoring with him that he would rather go alone with her, his estimation of her will rise when she suggests that some older woman accompany them or that they get another young couple to share their outing.

Among certain very conventional and formal persons the idea seems to be that any married woman may act as a chaperone for any occasion and that any unmarried woman—unless she be positively tottering with age—needs such a protector. Persons who mingle with their etiquette a leavening of good sense do not insist that the chaperone be married. A sensible young woman of 30 may act as chaperone for young girls better than a silly married woman of 50.

The sight of an unmarried woman of mature years insisting on a chaperone is sometimes almost pathetic. I suppose some of these prudent maids blush to think that Joan of Arc rode triumphantly to Orleans without a duenna and blame the unmarried Charlotte Corday more because she went from Normandy to Paris with a chaperone than because she rendered her service to the cause of liberty by sticking a knife in the undefended Marat's back.

But there is a happy medium in the matter of chaperones as in all other social institutions.

* * *

## Easy.

"SENATOR SNORTSWORTHY says we must save the country."

"Has he any ideas about the best way to do that?"

"No, but he can make a speech on the subject that will hold an audience spellbound for an hour."

* * *

### Good Night.

He—Then you are not interested in my welfare?

She—No, but if the two syllables were transposed, I'd not only be interested, but enthusiastic.


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**Founded on Common Sense and Christian Business Decency.**

**HARRY MORRIS, Trustee.**

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## NOW DRILLING AT 1,800 FEET.

## ACTION IN THREE WEEKS.

Harry Morris positively, absolutely, unequivocally, without the batting of an eye, nor the quivering of an eyelash, guarantees his unit holders in this syndicate a producing oil well on his 5-acre lease on the Woods farm in Section 20-18-15, in the world famous El Dorado oil field, Union County, Arkansas. And he goes still further than that. He guarantees you an oil well that will produce oil in commercial quantities. He guarantees you an oil well that will gush over the crown block at the top of the 112-foot derrick. Harry Morris is drilling this well with his own drilling rig, with his own hands upon the control levers of the drilling machinery.

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There is no capitalization. This well is being drilled on an actual cost basis and every dollar you send to Harry Morris will be spent on the lease. He drilled the giant Harry Morris Trustee Syndicate well on the adjoining 5 acres and completely equipped the lease for less than $23,000. Mr. Morris has set $23,000 as the outside figure. You ask: "Where does Harry Morris come in on the deal?" He gets one-fourth of the profits from the well and the unit holders get three-fourths of the profits, and not one red cent does Harry Morris get until the well is flowing into the pipe lines. That is fair, isn't it? The night driller on the well that Harry Morris brought in on the adjoining five acres on February 14th came to him, dripping with oil, and said: "I want 20 units of Workingman's Syndicate. This well is sure to be a big money-maker." Practically every man who worked on the great Harry Morris well, 97 yards from the Workingman's Syndicate well, has applied for units in the Workingman's Syndicate.

# 100 Per Cent In 3 Weeks

On the 14th of February Harry Morris completed one of the greatest producers ever brought in in the Arkansas fields. On March 4th Harry Morris declared a 100 per cent dividend. Less than a month elapsed since the well came in and the dividend was declared. If that isn't action, then what is? Indications are that it is possible for this well to pay the unit owners 200 per cent to 300 per cent per month. Lots of you were in on this melon and lots of you were not.

The Workingman's Syndicate well is a direct offset to the great Harry Morris well which came in on February 14th. The Workingman's Syndicate well is only 97 yards from the great Harry Morris well. The Workingman's Syndicate well is on the adjoining five acres upon which stands the world famous Harry Morris Trustee Syndicate well, which came in on February 14th. The Workingman's Syndicate is on the five acres adjoining the big production and is in the very heart of the area containing the biggest and longest lived oil gushers in the El Dorado oil fields. Practically all of the leases in this area are owned by the Standard Oil Company and the Gulf Production Company.

## *Harry Morris, The Man*

Call the list of the successful oil well drilling contractors of the West and you will not find a man on the list who did not fight his way up with his fists and his brains, and these men held the top with their brains and their fists.

Those who know Harry Morris best, know the big burly brute force of the man; the raw instincts and emotions of him; the indifference of him; his scorn of humbug, and refusal to be other than he is; and his hatred of a game that isn't played wide open and fair; he is the typical, stoical, cynical, self-sufficient, hairy chested, horny-fisted, producer of oil; one of the fast disappearing group of pioneers who have fought the drills down into the earth, stripped to the waist and reeking in their own sweat, one of that little class of men who have helped to make oil history, one of the group who have wildcatted for years in the shriveling intense heat of the waste desert places of the great Southwest. He is one of the recognized of this group of mighty muscled, hard-boiled pioneers of the American Oil Fields. For these are men of guts and blood and iron and vision and courage and strategy and skill and brains and driving power, men big and broad enough to wear the mantle of Boss.

## *Harry Morris Says*

Full 75 per cent of revenue derived from the sale of all the oil produced from the well is set aside and divided among the subscribers in proportion to the amount they subscribe.

I furnish the acreage—drill the well—equip it—maintain it always—and take care of every expense.

You are not responsible nor liable in any manner whatever—but simply take down your pipe line runs twice in every month IN CASH.

Within THREE DAYS after the pipe lines pay for the oil—a check for your pro rata share is mailed you—without even the price of a two-cent stamp that it takes to mail your check being deducted.

Under this plan DIVIDENDS TAKE THE PLACE OF PROMISES—vague and indefinite statements are supplanted by binding guarantees—Gushers pay dividends.

I send twice each month statements of the amount of oil run, the price paid, who bought the oil. My plan is an open book. You know your investment when you make it. No Board of Directors to declare a dividend for you. You simply take down your pipe line runs in CASH.

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**HARRY MORRIS, Trustee**

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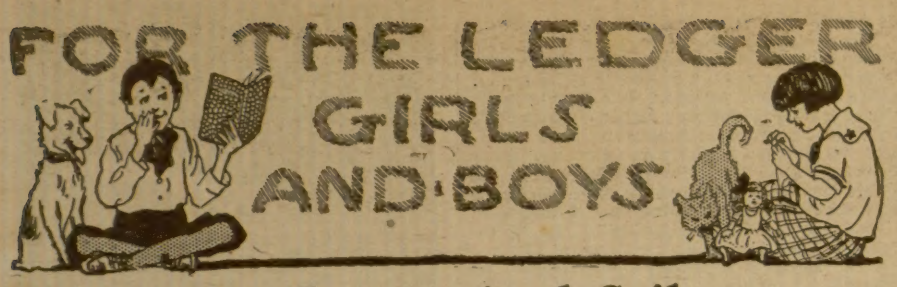
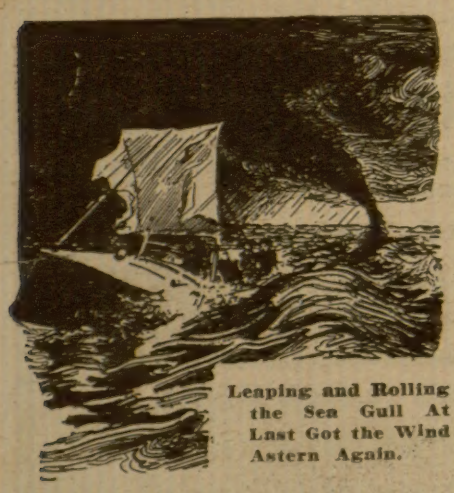



# An Improvised Sail

"IT'S no use, Tom," said Ellis Grayson, as he stood up, greasy and hot, from tinkering with the engine. "I can't make it go. We'll have to wait for a tow."

Tom Webster, Ellis' cousin, knew nothing about motor boats, for he had spent his life on a Kansas farm. Now he looked uneasily at the gathering storm and the broad expanse of the Hudson River. Their engine had failed them as they were in the middle of Tappan Zee Bay, and there was a mile and a half of water between their boat and each shore.

"All the other boats seem to have run for cover, Ellis," Tom said as he glanced



**Leaping and Rolling the Sea Gull At Last Got the Wind Astern Again.**

about. "Supposing we can't get a tow before the storm breaks?"

"We don't need to worry about that," Ellis replied confidently. "A strong wind can kick up a sea right here, but nothing can swamp the Sea Gull. Besides, we're almost sure to get a tow."

As he spoke, however, he peered at the sky and realized that almost every boat on the river must be scurrying for the nearest anchorage. He had never seen such an ominous sky or felt so strongly the threat of an impending storm. There was a dead calm, portentous with a strange, electric premonition of coming turmoil. Huge black clouds were rolling across the Western hills and spreading darkness over the river.

"Ellis," said Tom quietly, "I don't know anything about boats, but I do know something about storms and this one is going to be a terror. Isn't there something we can do to reach a safer place?"

Ellis' nerves were getting jumpy and he replied a trifle sharply:

"If you did know more about boats, Tom, and about this part of the country you would know that there is nothing to be afraid of. A long, heavy northwest wind might kick up a sea here that would bother us, but the wind in a thunderstorm doesn't last long enough. Besides, there's nothing we can do. I—I forgot to bring oars and we haven't any mast or sail."

It grew darker and darker. Still not a breath of wind stirred. The water was smooth and oily and reflected the blackness of the sky.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Ellis after a strained moment. "I wish something would start. This calm gets on a fellow's nerves."

Tom agreed quietly. The blackness deepened; the clouds swirled lower and lower. The boys were oppressed by a sense of being shut in, as if the sky were descending to crush them. There was a distinct rolling of low thunder behind the hills in the West and they glimpsed a faint flash of lightning in that direction.

Suddenly Ellis shouted. "Look!" he cried and pointed into the northwest.

Tom saw a peculiar commotion at one point among the shifting, tumbling clouds. They seemed to be whirled and tossed in all directions. Then out of the confusion sank a black, inverted cone of cloud. It grew larger and larger and dipped lower and lower.

"It's the funnel of a cyclone!" Tom cried. "I've seen 'em in Kansas."

"A cyclone! We don't have those things in this part of the country."

"You're having one now," retorted Tom. "But it won't amount to much probably. Too many hills for one thing. But that's what it is."

"But there isn't any wind."

"There will be," said Tom grimly.

In awed fascination the boys stood watching the whirling black funnel some two miles away. It was slowly advancing toward the middle of the river, its tip sinking closer and closer to the water.

"Look at the water below it!" cried Tom suddenly.

The surface of the river just under the funnel was churned into tumultuous foam. Then a terrifying thing happened. Out of the boiling river rose a cone of whirling, yeasty water to meet the tip of the descending funnel. They joined, and there, towering from the river to the clouds, was a snaky, lead-colored column, swaying this way and that, and terrible with the menace of unknown power.

"A waterspout!" the boys exclaimed together. Then they watched as slowly the spout's base grew broader and the column thicker. Then the top of the column, which had been swaying from side to side, leaned to the south and stayed so.

"Ellis!" Tom cried, "that thing is coming directly down the middle of the river and we are right in its path. We've got to get out of the way!"

Ellis' face was white. "What can we do?" he asked shakily.

Tom's answer was to jump to the tool box, snatch out two heavy wrenches and hand one to Ellis. "Knock away these supports!" he cried. "We've got to make a sail. There comes the wind."

The canvas roof of the cockpit was stretched on an iron frame. This frame was attached at one end to the cabin's roof and was supported over the cockpit by four vertical rods screwed to the gunwale. A few vigorous blows at the bottom of each upright were enough to tear the screws loose from the wood.

"Get a rope!" shouted Tom. "Hurry!"

Ellis sprang for the bow, unclasping his knife. He cut the painter loose and took it aft. As he went he shot a glance up the river.

The waterspout had traveled nearly half the distance to the boat and loomed huge and menacing. Its base looked like a small hill of wildly churning water. The writhing column continued to lean down stream. The rotary motion of the spout was now clearly visible and the murky air was filled with a vibrant humming as tho there were a giant top spinning near by.

"Tie it to the stern," cried Tom, and as Ellis made one end of the rope fast to a cleat, Tom tied the other end to the edge of the roof just above.

"Now help me bend up the roof!" shouted Tom. Beginning at the stern they moved toward the cabin, thrusting up on the frame of the roof as they went, so that it was bent up at right angles to the cabin roof to which it was fastened.

For an instant it looked as if the Sea Gull would capsize as the now heavy wind struck this curious sail. But she righted herself and Ellis sprang to the tiller and brought her around until the wind was directly astern. In a moment she was bucking thru the waves at right angles to the course of the spout.

But the whirling monster was speeding down the river faster and faster and filled their ears with its vibrant roaring. A little swerving from its course and it would hit them.

"Can we make it, Tom?" cried Ellis, as he strained at the tiller.

Tom, gripping the gunwale of the tossing boat, estimated the chances. "The center will miss us," he shouted, "but we may get caught in the whirlpool and drawn in."

They stared speechless at the column's shaft of spumy water, revolving with the vicious roar of concentrated power. Then for an instant the leaning top hung almost over them. But the lower end of the column slipped by astern, less than a hundred feet away. The next moment the Sea Gull was tossed high on the heaped waters and staggered in a smother of foam as the rim of the spout's base struck her.

The wind reversed at the same time and blew fiercely in almost the opposite direction. The boat seemed about to split as the swirling water gripped her hull and the wind tore at her awkward sail. Buckets of water slipped over her gunwale. Tom grabbed a pail and began to bail frantically. Ellis exerted all his skill and strength at the tiller.

Leaping and rolling, the Sea Gull at last got the wind astern again and was able to make way against the current clutching at her keel. As she slid out of the rim of the vortex the boys saw that they had been whirled half around the circle and were now directly in the path the spout had taken. Weak and wordless they watched the spout as it sped down the river.

But as they sailed slowly toward the shore before the diminishing wind Ellis spoke.

"Well, Tom," he said "maybe you don't know much about boats, but you've got a head on you all right. That sail was a great idea. I would never have thought of it."

He added, grinning: "Wonder where we'd be now if it hadn't been for the sail? On the bottom of the river or lost up in the clouds somewhere?"


## Health is Your Most Valuable Asset

### Listen To What This Prominent Man Says About It.

**Walter Whipple**

Champaign, Ills.—"For the past twenty-five years I have depended upon Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as a spring tonic and I am positive it has kept me immune from disease germs, for my health is always exceptionally good. I have also taken Dr. Pierce's Anuric (kidney and backache) tablets just to keep my kidneys toned up in a healthy state. I consider Dr. Pierce's remedies especially valuable to keep in the home, ready for use, and have given them to every member of my family, and have always seen beneficial results."—Walter Whipple, 719 S. Neil St.

Obtain now from your neighborhood druggist Dr. Pierce's Family Remedies. Write Dr. Pierce, Pres., Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice, and send him 10c for a trial pkg. of any of his medicines.


## Maybe So and Perhaps.

FIRST Maybe-so and then Perhaps
Take turns in setting cunning traps
To catch me when I think I can
"Get by" with some partic'lar plan.
No matter what it is, I find
The path to reach it simply lined,
Like pantry-shelf where mice cavort,
With traps of words of every sort.

"Say, brother, can't you get away
Somehow from work in time today
To see the game? It won't be slow!"
Of course he answers: "Maybe so."
"Hey, sister, if you want to see
A jolly time, just come with me!
Now can't you leave the sums and maps
A little while?" She sighs, "Perhaps."

"Oh, mother, don't you think tonight,
'Twill never rain, the weather's bright;
That to the movies we might go?"
Now listen! Hear it? "Maybe so."
"And if you can, and have the change
(You will, or 'twould be mighty strange),
Let's get two sodas with those caps
Of creamy foam—what say?" "Perhaps."

Oh, my, I wish some one would speak
In good plain English for a week!
Why can't they answer yes or no,
Instead of that old Maybe-so?
Why, even Dad won't talk right out,
But leaves a chap in awful doubt.
I'd rather get a dozen raps
Most anywhere than that Perhaps!

## Uses for Ribbon.

WOMEN are beginning to realize the varied and attractive possibilities of ribbon as a dress fabric or dress trimming, and this season sees some lovely evening gowns in which gorgeous ribbons play an important part.

One of the advantages of using ribbon for panels or trains is that its edges are all finished, it supplies its own lining, usually, and is really a time saver for the home dressmaker. Then, too, ribbons come in such lovely and unusual colorings and designs that unusual gowns may be made from it.

Fur and fabric coat manufacturers find ribbon desirable in dressing up the linings of garments. Sometimes a coat will be lined with plain satin, crepe de chine or other silk fabric, with a deep border of of gorgeous brocaded ribbon finishing the bottom, front edges, and if flared sleeves are used the edges of the sleeve lining.

Handsome brocaded ribbons are effective in the development of vestees, waistcoats and other dress accessories.

A graceful dinner gown recently seen, in which ribbon played a part, was of American beauty chiffon cut with round neck, short sleeves and a straight skirt with cascade drapery at one side. Gold and black brocaded ribbon was used to form two front panels reaching from the skirt hem to the bust line, and a girdle of ribbon was caught about the waist and fastened at one side, two loops of the ribbon drooping over the cascade side drapery of chiffon.

## Something to Make Thinkers Think.

**Riddle-me-ree.**

258—My first in shovel, but not in pick.
My second is in push, but not in kick.
My third is in lake, but not in pool.
My fourth is in warm, but not in cool.
My fifth is in key, but not in latch.
My whole is a fish you'll seldom catch.

—

**Beheadings.**

259—1. Behead something made of flour and have what you have done when you finish a book.

2. Behead a grain and have what we have in summer for nothing, and pay well for in winter.

3. Behead what travels on water and have a part of the body.

4. Behead the place to insert coins in a gum machine and have a division of a city block.

5. Behead the name of a timepiece and have part of a door.

—

**Four-word Square.**

260—1. A stopper for a bottle.
2. A place for baking.
3. A city in Nevada.
4. To perceive or understand.

—

**ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.**

**255—Enigma.**

Candle.

—

**256—Four Hidden Wild Flowers.**

Anemone, celandine, primrose, groundsel.

—

**257—Four-word Square.**

O B E Y
B A L E
E L L A
Y E A R

—

**It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.**


# CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

### OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

**GOITRE REMEDY—WRITE TODAY GIVING** brief description of your case and we will tell you how OGC does it. Amazing results—cost most reasonable. Sold on absolute guarantee. O. G. C. Chemical Company, Dept. 15, Haight Building, Seattle, Wash.

### FARMS FOR SALE

**POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5** monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

### FARM LANDS FOR SALE

**FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OFFI**cial 112-page book, "Vacant Government Lands," lists and describes every acre in every county in U. S.; tells location, place to apply, how secured free. 1922 diagrams and tables, new laws, lists, etc., price 50 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co., Dept. 108, St. Paul, Minn.

### SHORT STORIES WANTED

**WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANY**one for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

### PHOTO FINISHING

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER; YOUR NEXT** kodak film developed 5c—prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 1891 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

### UNDERGROUND TREASURES

**UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND** where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

### INVENTIONS

**INVENTIONS WANTED — CASH OR ROY**alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**FILMS DEVELOPED, 5C ROLL, PRINTS** 3c each. Reliable Studio, Station D, Cincinnati, Ohio.

### PLANS AND INSTRUCTION

**RADIO WIRELESS TELEPHONE $6.00—** complete receiving set, make it yourself; it's easy. Instructions and diagrams $1.00 postpaid. Radio Service, Clarksburg, W. Va.

### BICYCLE MOTORS

**DON'T BUY A BICYCLE MOTOR ATTACH**ment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Galesburg, Kansas.

### MOTORCYCLES

**I SELL MOTORCYCLES IN ALL PARTS OF** the U. S. on easy payments. All makes, all models. Send stamp for big free List L. Floyd Clymer, "Largest Motorcycle Dealer in West," Denver, Colo.

### PATENT ATTORNEYS

**PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CON**tains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

### FORD ACCESSORIES

**FORDS RUN 34 MILES PER GALLON ON** cheapest gasoline or half kerosene, using our 1921 carburetor. Increased power; styles for all motors; attach yourself. Money back guarantee; 30 days' trial. Big profits to agents. Air Friction Carburetor Co., 3202 Madison St., Dayton, Ohio.

# CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

**Information--** The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

**W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.**

## SALESMEN WANTED

**REPRESENTATIVES WANTED: EXCLUSIVE** territory and valuable co-operation given right man. Enthusiasm, grit and ability only capital necessary. Sell land outright, good prospective oil territory $25.00 per acre. Purchasers get warranty deed, own all oil and mineral rights. Wells drilling three sides; good oil showings; production in three adjoining counties. Liberal commission. Complete selling prospectus furnished. Answer immediately. R. E. Dunn, 701 Polk Ave., Houston, Texas.

**EVERYBODY EATS EVERY DAY. YOU CAN** handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and autombile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality; selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any bank or Express Co.

**TRUST SCHEMERS, DEALERS: HAVE** others sell straw hat cleaner, self-threading needles, etc., for premiums. Tremendous profits. Instructions, samples, factory prices, Free. Patten Perfume Co., Washington, D. C.

## AGENTS WANTED

**WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE** desirous of making $25.00 to $200.00 per week clear profit from the start in a permanent business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Fastest selling article ever sold through agents. Free samples make sales easy. 300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for free sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Dept. 300, 1308-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

**AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING** Bliss Native Herbs, a remedy manufactured since 1888 for the relief of constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Millions have used it; thousands of testimonials received. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write today. We will tell you how. Address Dept. W, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, 35-39 B St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

**AGENTS — MAKING LESS THAN $300** monthly our proposition, Sentinel Burglar Alarms for windows and doors will interest you. Many earn $20 daily. Brand new invention. No wires, batteries or nails. Instantly attached to any door or window. Provides cheap burglar insurance. Big money maker. Free samples to workers. Liberal terms. Sentinel Alarm Co., 1455 Marquette Building, Chicago.

**AGENTS SELL THE PLYMOUTH SHOPPING** bag. Leatherette sateen lined, made to sell for $1. Large profit to you. A 15 year old boy sold 25 in a few days. Lady, 7 in one hour. A 70 year old man, 70 doz. in a few weeks. Write for full particulars. Sample by post, 75c. E. Kondon, 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

**AGENTS: $5 TO $15 DAILY EASY. YOUR** pay in advance introducing new style guaranteed hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples. Write orders. We deliver and collect. Elegant outfit furnished, all colors and grades, including silk. Dept. 416, Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND** tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

**AGENTS: HERE'S A WINNER. TAKE OR-** ders for Insyde Tyres. Positively prevent punctures and blow-outs. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Any tire. Low priced. One hundred thousand satisfied customers. Write for territory. American Accessories Co., B-513, Cincinnati, O.

**AGENTS—$100 WEEKLY; NEW INVENTION** for all automobiles; you're backed by reliable concern in business for over 5 years; products positively guaranteed; honesty, quality, service our motto; if you're sincere, write at once. Ovee Mfg. Co., Dept. 7A, Louisville, Ky.

**AGENTS—BIG MONEY, $8 TO $16 A DAY.** Aluminum handle cutlery set. Brand new. You display and take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Sample free. Try it out. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1615, Dayton, Ohio.

**AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR** our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

**SALESMEN—NEW SENSATIONAL INVEN-** tion; sells to every store and business house; also individuals; life job; over 100 salesmen operating in Chicago alone, many making $250 per week. Security Novelty Sales Co., 5943 Broadway, Chicago, Dept. B.

**WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH-** ing everything; men and women, $20.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

**AGENTS—COST $5—YOUR PROFIT $89.50** transferring monograms on autos, trunks, bags, furniture, etc. No experience—no license. Write for free samples. Globe Monogram Co., Inc., Dept. 17, 244 Market St., Newark, N. J.

**AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S** Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

**LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS** agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

**GUARANTEED HOSIERY, LOWEST PRICES,** manufacturer's complete line direct to wearer. Samples without charge. We deliver. Part time acceptable. Joseph Bros., 337-Y Broadway, New York.

**AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR-** ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

## AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

**AGENTS: A BRAND NEW HOSIERY PROP-** osition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 611, Dayton, Ohio.

**YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE BIG MONEY RE-** silvering mirrors, auto reflectors, metaplating. Outfit furnished. Write for particulars. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 309-311 Fifth Ave., New York.

**AGENTS—1922's GREATEST SENSATION—** 11 piece toilet article set, selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dress maker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

**MEN WANTED FOR THE METAL REFIN-** ishing, oxidizing and plating lines. Good money, quick advancement assured. Write for particulars. Metalcrafts Co., 1133 Broadway (140), New York.

**AGENTS: $60.00 WEEKLY EASY. BRAND** new. Every home needs ironing board covers. Selling fast. Experience unnecessary. Samples free. Rallen Mfg. Co., Dept. B100, Baltimore Bldg., Chicago.

**SELLS LIKE HOT CAKES, BIG PROFITS,** new ironing wax pad and asbestos rest, clamps board, perfumes clothes, outfit 10c. Yankee Mfg. Co., 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**MEN OR WOMEN—ENORMOUS PROFITS** selling Duo guaranteed products. Easy sales at every house. All or spare time. Big repeaters. Write quick. Duo Co., Dept. Y 56, Attica, N. Y.

**WAKE UP: BIG PROPOSITION IN POR-** traits. Agents wanted: Deal with factory direct. Write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

**EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED** people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 630 Main, Richmond, Va.

**SPECIALTY SALESMEN—EARN $1.00 AND** over per hour selling household necessity. A repeater. Samoline Corp'n, 2134 N. Clark St., Chicago.

**WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—** Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

**EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS. SELL DUO** Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 56, Attica, N. Y.

**AGENTS MAKE $1.50 ON EVERY SHIRT** order. From manufacturer to wearer. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863 3rd Ave., New York City.

**REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREAT-** est dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

## HELP WANTED

**EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS,** plating and refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 236 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**WANTED—MEN, WOMEN, AGE 17 TO 65,** for United States Government positions. Experience unnecessary. Write today for free information. Chicago Civil Service College, Department B-51, Chicago.

**$133 MONTH, COMMENCE. GOVERNMENT** railway mail clerks. Men—boys over 17. Steady. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D26, Rochester, N. Y.

**MIRRORS FRENCH. BEST METAL PLAT-** ing. Genuine outfits furnished since 1886. Clarence Sprinkle, Marion, Indiana.

**SHORT CUT TO EASY STREET. WE** trust you. Sign & Mirror Works, 404 W. Scott, Kirksville, Mo.

## MALE HELP WANTED

**BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPOR-** tunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

**YOUNG MEN FOR GOVERNMENT OFFICE** positions, $125 monthly. Experience unnecessary. For free list of positions now open, write J. Leonard (former Civil Service examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

**$35 WEEK. LEARN WHILE EARNING.** Boys-men. Become automobile experts. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. D 404, Rochester, N. Y.

**BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR-** tunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN,** sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

**MEN WANTED FOR U. S. MAIL SERVICE.** $115 to $190. Experience not required. Correspondence course unnecessary. Write E. S. Bishop, Box 291, Joplin, Mo.

**GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL** clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

**MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN-** necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS** nearest their homes—everywhere; beginners $150, later $250. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVES-** tigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

**MEN WANTED TO QUALIFY FOR FIRE-** men, brakemen, experience unnecessary. Transportation furnished. Write W. Boggess, 102 St. Louis.

**BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET** work in your town. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

**GOVERNMENT JOBS. $95 MONTH. WRITE** immediately for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 6, Rochester, N. Y.

**BE A DETECTIVE—GUIDES FREE; DE-** tectives needed everywhere. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

**LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO AD-** dress envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book explaining everything mailed for 10c. to cover postage, etc. Ward. Pub. Co., Tilton, N. H.

**$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW** tops at home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 188, LaGrange, Ind.

**WOMEN - GIRLS. BECOME MILLINERY** designers. Earn $125 month. Sample lesson free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 804, Rochester, N. Y.

**SPARE TIME WORK—LADY IN EACH** town may earn $10 to $25 weekly extra in spare time. Easy, pleasant work. Write today. W. J. Lynch, Springfield, Ill.

**WOMEN WANTED — BECOME COSTUME** designers. $140 month. Learn while earning. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 505, Rochester, N. Y.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU-** sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Dementi, St. Louis, Mo.

**FREE MAP, MEXIA FIELD, LIMESTONE** County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Schimmel & Co., Suite 1904, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

**$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND** and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

## FOR SALE

**ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE.** Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

## MEDICAL

**MEN—FIVE YEARS AGO WE PERFECTED** a simple, electrically heated device for the relief of sciatica, bladder trouble, disturbed slumber and prostate gland trouble. Today it is permanently relieving nine out of ten who buy it. Maybe it will relieve you. If it doesn't we will return your money. Don't jump at conclusions. Ask for free descriptive book. Address The Electro Thermal Company, 7129 Main St., Steubenville, Ohio.

**WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY** weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice, Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

## SONG POEMS WANTED

**SONGWRITERS! LEARN OF THE PUB-** lic's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

**SONGS AND POEMS WANTED. WE COM-** pose music, publish, sell and pay you five cents royalty on every copy sold. Melody Publishing Corp., Dept. A, Root Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

**HAVE WONDERFUL PROPOSITION FOR** song poem or melody writers. Ray Hibbeler, D45, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

**SONG POEMS WANTED. SUBMIT MANU-** script to New Era Music Co., 102 St. Louis, Mo.

## TRICKS—GAMES

**MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE-** stone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

## MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

**LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE** business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

## PERSONAL

**MEN—IF YOU LACK COURAGE, ENERGY,** and are suffering from poor health and run-down conditions it will pay you to try the new scientific preparation. Very agreeable and surprising results obtained in just a few days. Nothing now being sold compares with the revitalizing power of this preparation. Box postpaid anywhere $1, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Company, Station E, Toledo, Ohio.

**MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS** to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

**MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE** can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $5 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

**HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE** fine fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 375 Pleasant avenue, St. Paul, Minn. References, Commercial State Bank.

**MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO-** ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Co., Club, Grayslake, Ill.

**ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS?** Embarrassed in company? These troubles overcome. Write for particulars. Correspondence confidential. A. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

**WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES.** No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

## PERSONAL—(Continued)

**MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS.** Many wealthy. Best, most successful, quickest results; write, be convinced. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

**MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE,** caused from weak, nervous, rundown condition, try Castleberrys Pills. Sample and wonderful testimonials free. Alfred Castleberry, Columbus, Ga.

**A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL-** ist, brings his serial No. 1 on kidney and urinary diseases; valuable information; send today; postage 4c. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-** Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

**SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES,** Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., B-49, Camden, N. J.

**LONESOME? HUNDREDS SEEKING MAT-** rimony. Write today for free information, enclosing stamp. Harmony Club, 944 Montana St., Chicago.

**WOULD YOU MARRY PRETTY WIDOW** worth hundred thousand dollars? Enclose ten cents postage for full information. Box 251, Lewisburg, Pa.

**NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PIC-** tures and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

**MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH** photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

**MARRY, BEST, LARGEST, ESTABLISHED** 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

**MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;"** hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

**MARRY — GIRL, 18, WORTH $68,000;** maiden, 25, worth $75,000. Hundreds wealthy. Descriptions free. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

**LONESOME WIDOW, OWNS GOOD FARM** and has means, wishes to correspond with view to matrimony. Mrs. Lahe, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

**YOUNG GERMAN GIRL, JUST FEW** months in this country, worth a king's ransom, desires correspondence in German only. Write: Box 491, Chicago, Ill.

**WEALTHY, AFFECTIONATE LADIES** everywhere desire early marriage. Descriptions free. Sealed. M-Box 1147, Minneapolis, Minn.

**FRENCH, OTHER EUROPEAN LADIES** wish correspondents. Paper, addresses, 50c. Universal Bureau, 224-B Tremont, Boston.

**$$ EVENINGS COLLECTING ADDRESSES.** Quarter brings outfit. H. Huffman, Beaver Crossing, Nebr.

**MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE-** scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

**MARRY FOR LOVE, WEALTH AND HAPPI-** ness; send ten cents for full information. Keystone Club, Milton, Pa.

**MARRY — MANY WEALTHY MEMBERS.** Send no money. New Plan Club, Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

**GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA-** per published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

**ARE YOU LONESOME? WRITE BETTY** Lee, 28 East Bay, Jacksonville, Florida. Send stamp please.

**MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLI-** cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

**IF WEALTHY LOVING WIFE IS WANTED,** I write, enclosing stamped envelope. Violet Rays, Dennison, Ohio.

**HAVE TRUE FRIENDS EVERYWHERE,** receive letters, postcards, pictures, trial 10c. Evergreen Magazine, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANT-** ing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

**MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRE-** spondence Club." Particulars free. Mrs. Keena, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**WEALTHY YOUNG LADY WANTS HUS-** band. F-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

**WEALTHY LADY FARMER, 32, WOULD** marry. B-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

**MAN, 35, GOOD LOOKING, WILL CON-** sider marriage. Box 1611, Rockford, Ill.

**ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, WORTH $18,000,** will marry. Box 55, Club, Oxford, Florida.

**BACHELOR, 36, WITH $70,000, WANTS TO** marry. Y-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

## MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Susie Grissom, Indianola, Miss., wishes to hear from, or concerning her brother, Lee Honles Walker, 57 years old. Last heard from in Chicago in February, 1905. He is 5 ft. 6 in. tall; weight, 160 lbs.; black hair, brown eyes and brown complexion. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received.

# Luxurious Overstuffed Wing Back Rocker

## Rock Bottom Price—Most Remarkable Rocker Value Ever Offered

**NOTE:** The gracefully shaped wing back, the broad, restful arms and the deep comfortable seat.

**ONLY $1.00 DOWN**

All you have to pay is $1.00 down on this magnificent Overstuffed Rocker, Massive and artistic in appearance, with the popular Wing Back. Luxurious and comfortable, a chair you will find rest and enjoyment in at all times. This handsome rocker is covered with very high grade imitation Spanish Leather in a rich shade of brown. The leather is pliant, tough and wear resisting. It will give years of service and satisfaction. Fully guaranteed. The seat is roomy and comfortable. Arms are broad and restful. The lines of the chair are symmetrical and graceful. You will value this rocker, not only for its comfort, but as a piece of furniture you will be proud to have in your home. Rich brown Spanish imitation leather in the massive overstuffed effect, the exposed parts finished in mahogany—it is an unusually artistic piece of furniture and a remarkable value at this price. Send for this rocker and see how it looks in your home. You can have it for 30 days' free trial for only $1.00 down. You take no risk, because if you are not perfectly satisfied, your dollar will be returned. Send for it today.

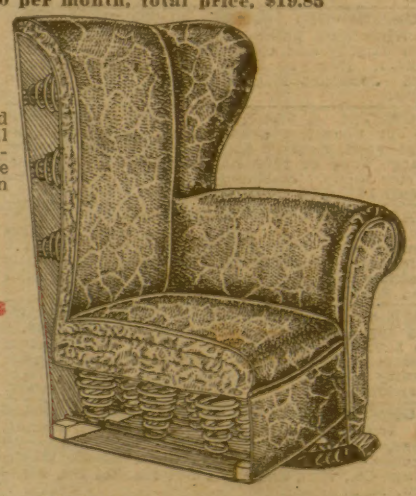
## The Construction

Is high grade throughout. This is a solid, substantial piece of furniture that you will enjoy for years. The covering is durable Spanish imitation leather. The exposed parts are mahogany finished. The seat is supported by steel coil springs, reinforced and carefully overlaid with special filling, which insures the utmost comfort. The back measures 28 inches in width and is 24 inches high from the seat and 36 inches high from the floor. The seat measures 20x20 inches and is unusually deep and comfortable. Shipping weight is about 60 pounds. Let us send you this chair on free trial.

**Order by No. A210. $1.00 down, $2.00 per month, total price, $19.85**

## Rock Bottom Price

Under ordinary conditions it would be impossible to offer you this rocker at such a low price, but we bought up a special lot of these rockers—and while this lot lasts we are going to give you the opportunity to get this wonderful bargain. We only have a limited number of these rockers on hand. We can sell them only while this lot lasts. That is why you should hurry up and send the coupon today—right this minute—so you will be sure to get this luxurious rocker at this exceptionally low price. Don't delay a minute. Take advantage of this opportunity while it lasts. Send the coupon today.



**NOTE:** Sectional view of Rocker showing interior construction. Note the solid foundation of steel coil spiral springs. Guaranteed not to sag or break loose.

## Send Coupon and $1

## 30 Days Free Trial

We bought up a special lot of rockers when the market was at the bottom, which accounts for the low price we are able to quote. You can keep this luxurious Overstuffed Wing Back Rocker in your home thirty days before you decide whether you want it. If you're not satisfied at that time, we'll give you back every cent of your money and refund freight charges both ways. You risk nothing by having the rocker shipped to you. You pay nothing unless you are satisfied. If you want to keep the luxurious overstuffed wing back rocker, pay the balance in small monthly payments. Order the rocker today, as our supply is limited. You may never again get such a high quality rocker at this low price we are now offering. Send in your order right now. Don't be disappointed. Hurry in your order.

### Money Back Guarantee

We have no dissatisfied customers and don't want any. Order the luxurious overstuffed wing back rocker shipped to your home today. If at the end of 30 days you are not entirely satisfied with it, return it at our expense and we will refund your dollar and freight charges you have paid. Remember, our supply is limited—so send the coupon NOW!

**L. Fish Furniture Co.,**
**Department 4104**
**State, Archer and 19th Streets, Chicago.**

**L. Fish Furniture Co., Dept. 4104**
**State, Archer and 19th Streets, Chicago, Ill.**

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship advertised Luxurious Overstuffed Wing Back Rocker No. A210. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the rocker I will pay you $2.00 a month. If not satisfied I am to return the rocker within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ **No. A210—$1.00 down, $2.00 per month. Complete price $19.85.**

Name .....

Address .....

Post Office ..... State.....

If you only want the latest Bargain Bulletin, just issued, put X in box ☐

### Just Out!

**Latest Bargain Bulletin**

Just off the press, the Home Makers' Bulletin—listing bargains in household furnishings. Everything you need in furniture. All sold to you on 30 days' Free Trial and easy monthly payments. Send coupon for FREE copy; don't delay.